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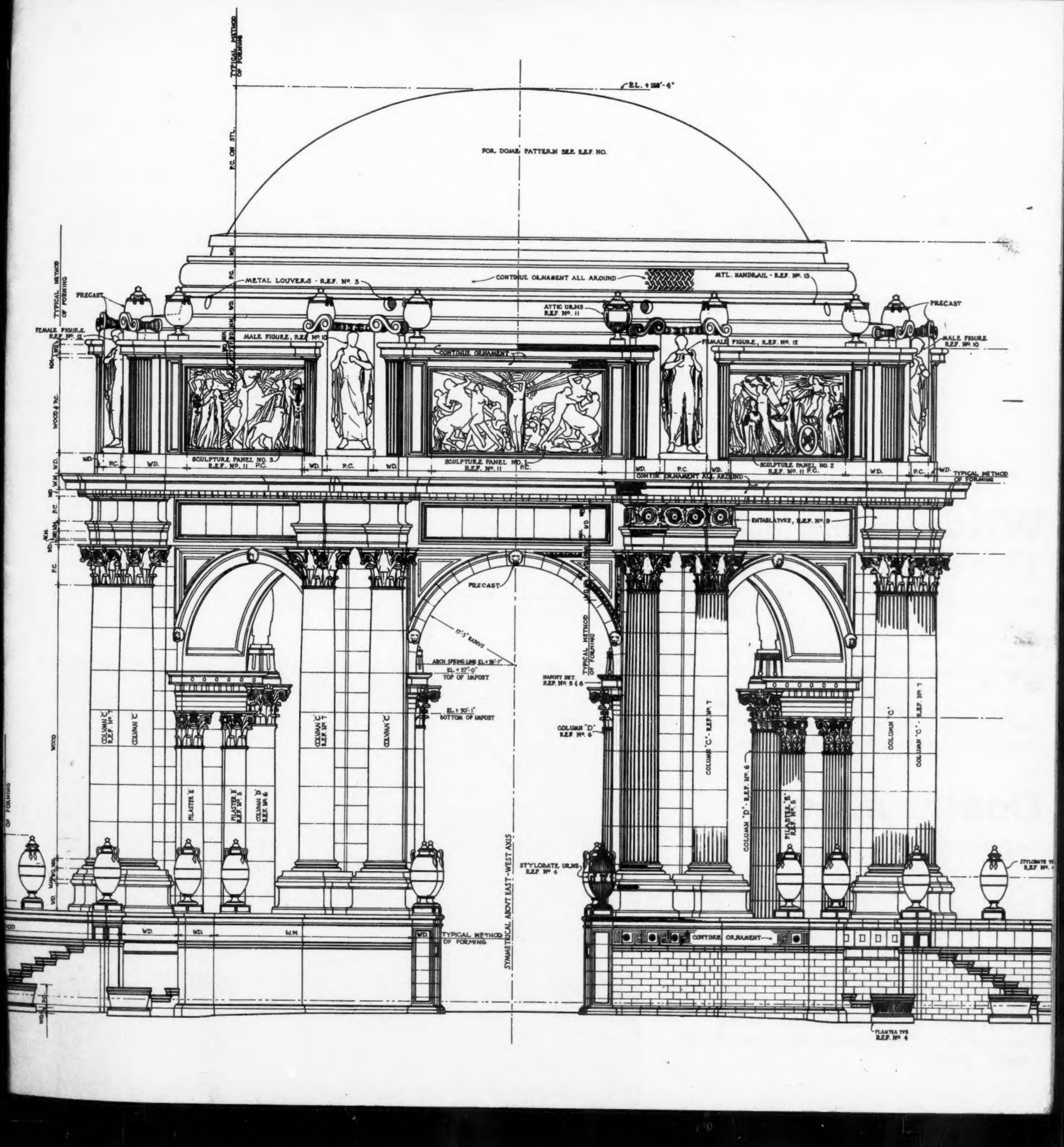

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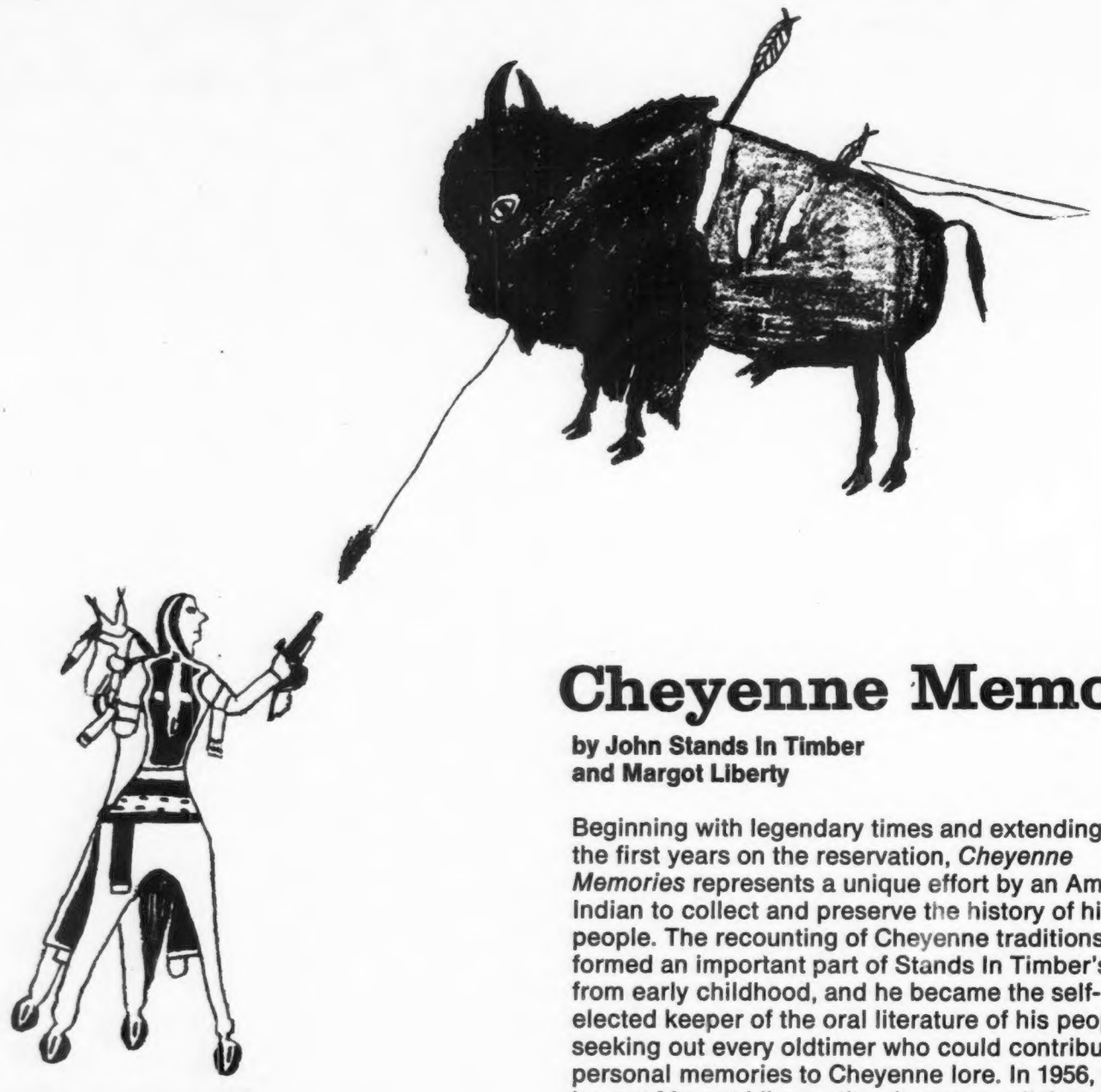

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CURRENT WESTERN BOOKS

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‡*Received up to August 1*

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Adventure at Astoria, 1810-1814 *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1967. 190 pp., notes, appen., index, $5.95).* translated and edited by HOYT C. FRANCHERE ‡

Ah Ha Toro: De Grazia Prints and Sketches of the Bullring *(Northland, Flagstaff, 1967; $8.50).*‡ by TED DE GRAZIA ‡

The Ak-Sar-Ben Story *(Johnsen Publishing Lincoln, gold-stamped, 558 pp., 346 illus., standard edition $8.50, limited deluxe edition $25.00).* *19

The American Folk Scene: Dimensions of the Folksong Revival *(Dell Publishing Co., Inc., N.Y., 1967. 334 pp., biblio., intro., pap., 95c).* edited by DAVID A. DETURK and A. POULIN, JR. ‡

American Indian Life *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1967. Illus., appen., pap., $2.95).* Illustrated by C. Grant LaFarge. edited by ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS ‡

The Americans: the National Experience *(Random House, N.Y., 1967. 517 pp., biblio., index, [c. 1965] pap., $2.45).* by DANIEL JOSEPH BOORSTIN ‡

The Art of Hunting Big Game in North America *(Knopf, N.Y. 404 pp., illus., $8.95).* Drawings by Douglas Allen. by JACK O'CONNOR *20

Baja California and the Geography of Hope *(Sierra Club, Totowa, New Jersey, 160 pp., 72 color plates, $25.00. #17 in the Exhibit Format Series).* Photographs by Eliot Porter. by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH *8

Baronial Forts of the Big Bend *(Trinity University, Austin, 1967. 146 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $4.00).* Drawings by Syl Caylor by LEAVITT CORNING, JR. ‡

Beyond the Desert *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1967. 237 pp., pap., $1.80).* by EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES ‡

Boot Hill: Historic Graves of the Old West *(Superior Publishing, Seattle, 1967. 192 pp., biblio., $12.95).* by LAMBERT FLORIN ‡

Border Comanches: Seven Spanish Colonial Documents, 1785-1819 *(Stagecoach Press, Santa Fe, 1967. 41 pp., notes, biblio., intro., $6.50).* Limited edition. translated and edited by MARC SIMMONS ‡

The Brothers of Uterica: a Novel *(Meredith, N.Y., 1967. 310 pp., $5.95).* by BENJAMIN CAPPS ‡

Buffalo Prairies and Buffalo Men: a Novel of the Plains Indians *(Exposition Press, N.Y., 1967. $5.00).* by TOM FONTAINE ‡

The Buffalo Soldiers: A Narrative of the Negro Cavalry in the West *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1967. 290 pp., illus., notes, biblio., maps, index, $5.95).* by WILLIAM H. LECKIE †18

The Buffalo Wallow: A Prairie Boyhood *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1967. 253 pp., pap., $1.60).* by CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON ‡

Cheyenne Memories *(Yale University, New Haven and London, $7.95).* by JOHN STANDS IN TIMBER and MARGOT LIBERTY *2

The Commerce of the Prairies *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, pap., edited by Milo Milton Quaife, $1.95).* by JOSIAH GREGG *23

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Deep Valley *(Stein and Day, N.Y., 1967; biblio., $5.95).* A re-creation of Pomo Indian life in the early 19th century.
by BURT W. and ETHEL G. AGINSKY ‡

Digging for Gold Without a Shovel; The letters of Daniel Wadsworth Coit, from Mexico City to San Francisco, 1848-1851 *(Old West Publishing, Denver, 1967. 116 pp., illus., index, $22.50).*
edited by GEORGE P. HAMMOND ‡

Doctors of the Old West: A Pictorial History of Medicine on the Frontier *(Superior Publishing, Seattle, 1967. 192 pp., illus., biblio., index, $12.95).*
by ROBERT F. KAROLEVITZ ‡

Edible Native Plants of the Rocky Mountains *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. Illus., $8.95).* Illustrated by Y. Matsumura,
by H. D. HARRINGTON *5

Eight Rattles and a Button: An Account of Life in the Territory of New Mexico *(The Naylor Co., San Antonio, 1967. 153 pp., illus., $3.95).* by MERLE BLINN BROWN ‡

Empire of the Columbia *(Harper & Row, N.Y., 1967. 654 pp., 2d edition, illus., notes, appen., tables, graphs, index, $9.50).*
by DOROTHY O. JOHANSEN and CHARLES M. GATES ‡

Epitaph For the Giants: The Story of the Tillamook Burn *(Touchstone, Portland, 1967. 110 pp., illus., $4.95).*
by J. LARRY KEMP ‡

Ethnomusicology of the Flathead Indians: The First Survey of the Entire Musical Output of a People in its Cultural Context *(Aldine, Chicago, 1967. 403 pp., illus., appen., biblio, index, $8.95).*
by ALAN P. MERRIAM ‡

Farewell to Texas: A Vanishing Wilderness *(McGraw-Hill, N.Y., 1967. 242 pp., illus., appen., index, $6.95).*
by WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS †22

Favor The Bold—Custer: The Civil War Years *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, N.Y. Illus., $6.95).* by D. A. KINSLEY *26

Firearms, Traps & Tools of the Mountain Men *(Knopf, N.Y., $12.50).*
by CARL P. RUSSELL *5

Fool's Gold: A Biography of John Sutter *(Coward-McCann, N.Y. Illus., $6.95).*
by RICHARD DILLON *4

Forts of the Upper Missouri *(Prentice-Hall, N.Y., 1967. $7.95).*
by ROBERT G. ATHEARN †19

The Frontier Against Slavery *(University of Illinois, Urbana. 177 pp., $5.95).*
by EUGENE H. BERWANGER *29

Frontiersmen in Blue: The United States Army and the Indian, 1848-1865 *(Macmillan, N.Y., 1967. 384 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $9.95).* by ROBERT M. UTLEY †13

The Frontier Re-examined *(University of Illinois, Urbana. 192 pp., illus., $6.95).*
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High Country Names: Rocky Mountain National Park *(Colorado Mountain Club, Denver, 1966. 212 pp., illus., maps, dictionary of names, index).*
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History of the Santee Sioux: United States Indian Policy on Trial *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln; cloth, $7.50).*
by ROY W. MEYER *23

Horse Tradin' *(Knopf, N.Y., 1967. 304 pp., illus., $5.95).* Illustrations by Lorence Bjorklund. by BEN K. GREEN †9

How They Dug the Gold: An Informal History of Frontier Prospecting, Placering, Lode-Mining, and Milling in Arizona and the Southwest *(Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society. Tucson, 1967. 163 pp., illus., biblio., index, $5.00).* by OTIS E. YOUNG, JR. †20

Index to the Thompson and West History of Nevada *(University of Nevada, Reno, 1967. Monogr., paper, $4.00).* *18

Indian Agent in New Mexico: William Arny's Journal, 1870 *(Stagecoach Press, Santa Fe, 1967. 62 pp., notes, intro., index, $4.50).* edited by LAWRENCE R. MURPHY ‡

Indian Cultures of the Southwest *(Naylor, San Antonio, 1967. 77 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index $3.95).* by LOUIS THOMAS JONES ‡

Jacques Soustelle: Mexico *(World Publishing, N.Y., 1967. 285 pp., 79 illus.; chrono. tables, biblio., index, $10.00).*
translated from the French by JAMES HOGARTH ‡

James W. Marshall: The Discoverer of California Gold; a Biography *(Talisman, Georgetown, Calif., 1967. 558 pp., illus., notes, appen., index, $10.00).*
by THERESSA GAY ‡

Karnee: A Paiute Narrative *(University of Nevada, Reno, 1966; cloth, $5.25).*
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Mountain of Gold: The Chinese in America *(Macmillan, N.Y., 1967. 341 pp., notes, biblio., index, $6.95).* by BETTY LEE SUNG ‡

Navajo Wildlands: As Long As the Rivers Shall Run *(Sierra Club, Totowa, New Jersey, color plates; $25.00. The Exhibit Format Series).* Photographs by Philip Hyde.
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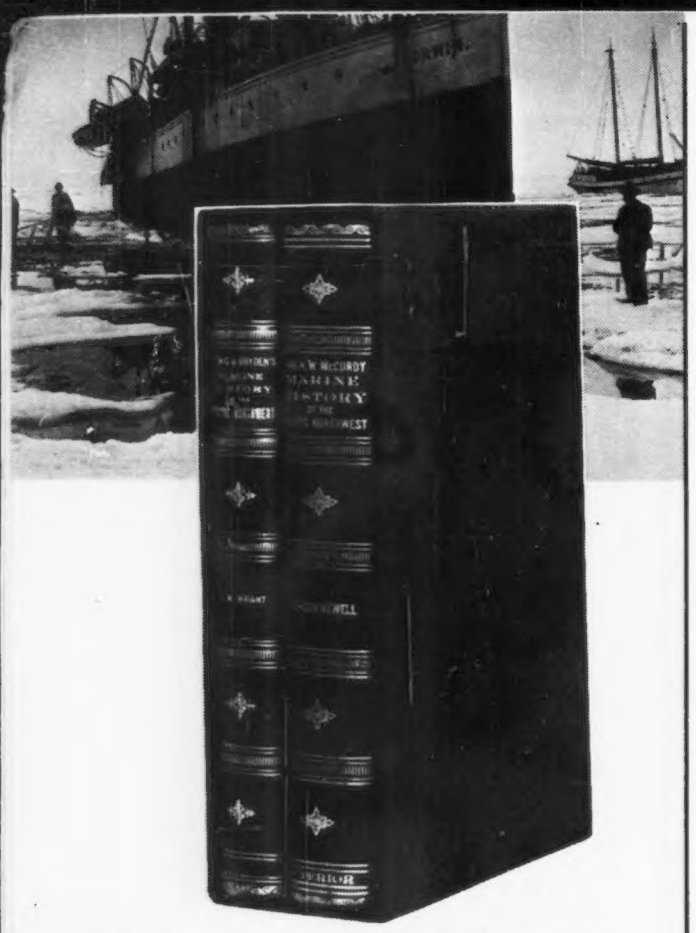

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Texas Homes of the 19th Century *(University of Texas, Austin, 1966. 276 pp., illus., biblio., index, $15.00).*
by DRURY BLAKELY ALEXANDER and TODD WEBB †16

Too Far North . . . Too Far South: The Controversial Boundary Survey and the Epic Story of the Gadsden Purchase *(Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1967. Notes, biblio., illus., index, $7.50).* Great West and Indian Series XXXV by ODIE B. FAULK ‡

Two Leggings: The Making of a Crow Warrior *(Thomas Y. Crowell, N.Y., 1967. 226 pp., illus., maps, notes, index, $6.95).*
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Western Ghost Towns *(Superior Publishing, Seattle, 1967. 200 photographs, 174 pp., $12.50).*
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Wilderness Kingdom: The Journals and Paintings of Father Nicolas Point *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston, N.Y., 1967. 274 pp., illus., intro., notes, appen., biblio., $21.95).*
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Western Necrology

AUGUST, 1888

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August 14: Chas. Crocker, millionaire and railroad king, Monterey, Cal., aged 66.

August 17: Lightning at Kansas City, Mo., kills an Indian family of 7 persons.

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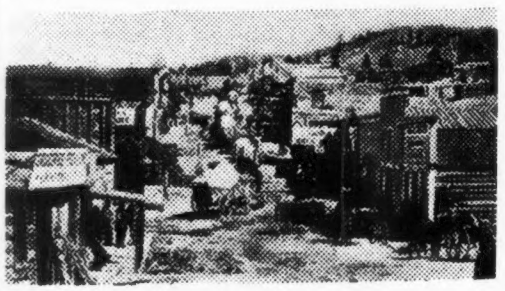
the urban frontier



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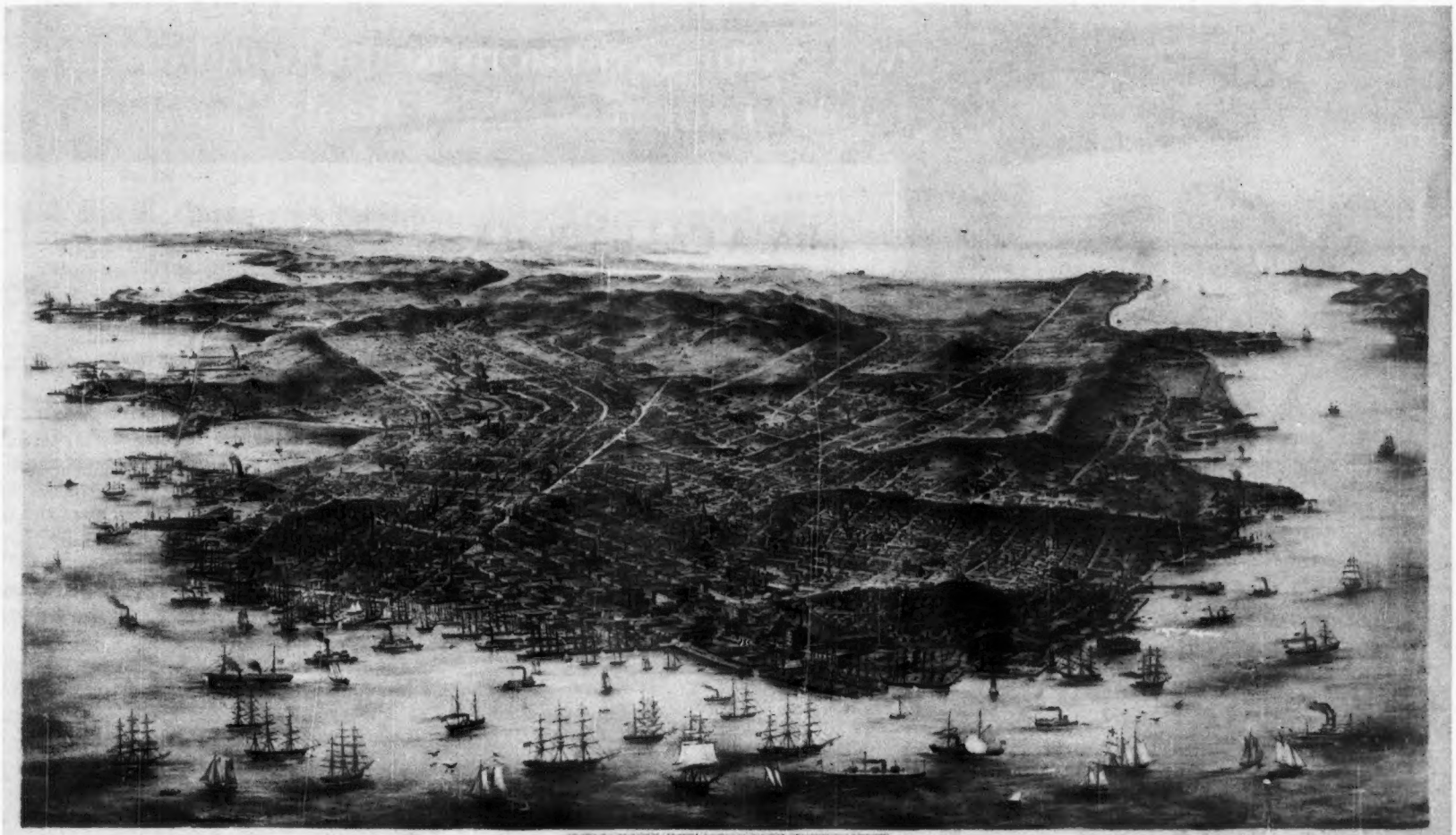

SAN FRANCISCO, 1868.

SAN FRANCISCO ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO San Francisco had already changed greatly from the gaudy Gold Rush village of 'forty-nine. It was *the* metropolis of the West, still the lively, wide-open city it had been before but proud of its churches and factories and schools. The great transcontinental railroad was snaking across the plains and deserts, and within a year the city would no longer be an outpost of the Republic, 18,000 long sea-miles from the eastern seaboard. Already hundreds of acres of Yerba Buena Cove had been filled in and covered by substantial buildings.

Filling and building has continued down to our own times. Mission Rock is now a part of the waterfront. The "Long Bridge" was still a new route out to the Potrero and Hunters Point in 1868; it followed the line of present-day Fourth and Third Streets. The present Ferry Building is located at about the end of the Market Street Wharf. The end of Meigg's Wharf, a landmark when North Beach was really a beach, marks almost exactly the spot where the sailing ship Balclutha today entertains tourists too young ever to have seen a Cape Horn windjammer.

THIS HISTORICAL REPRODUCTION has been created with great care in *full color* on heavy quality paper to retain as nearly as possible the exact appearance of the original which is now in the Bancroft Library. A beautiful and interesting picture for home or office, 17 x 23 inches for framing. An unusual gift that will be long remembered. Comes in heavy mailing tube with illustrated key that identifies 135 points of interest. Only $2.95 (Calif. residents add .15 tax). Send order with payment to THE AMERICAN WEST, 2251 Yale Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306.

By 1868 the Mission Dolores was no longer way out of town, though its setting was suburban. Near the Mission was Woodward's Gardens, a favorite Sunday resort. Another favored outing was the trip to Ocean House, which followed more or less the line of modern Upper Market Street around Twin Peaks.

Golden Gate Park was just getting to the paper-work stage in 1868, and most of the lands that now comprise this great park were nothing but the "worthless" shifting sand dunes stretching between Lone Mountain and the sea. The Cliff House was even then a landmark, and it was reached by a dusty carriage drive out what is now Geary Boulevard.

Above all, San Francisco a hundred years ago was a sea-town, and one will note that the lithographer took great pains to show every type of ship and maritime activity that was involved in the life and commerce of America's "window on the Pacific."

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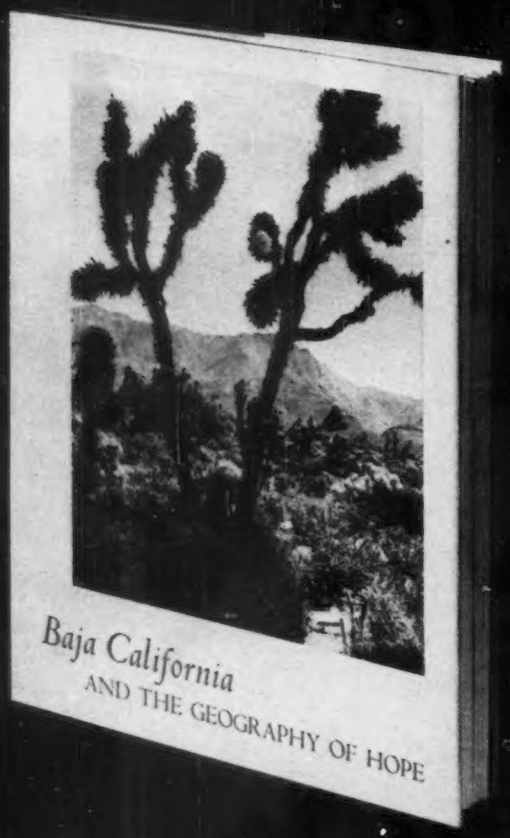

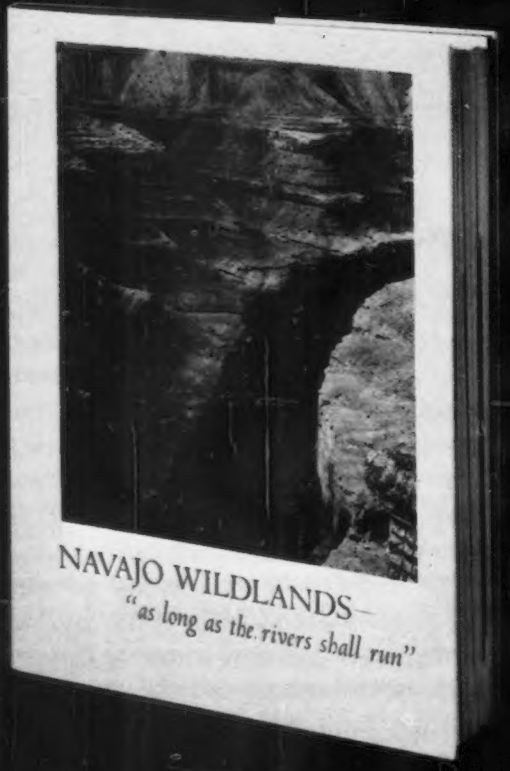

BAJA CALIFORNIA *and the Geography of Hope*

Text selected from writings of *Joseph Wood Krutch*. Photographs by *Eliot Porter*. Foreword by *David Brower*. Edited by *Kenneth Brower*.

"Baja California is a wonderful example of how much bad roads can do for a country.

"Nature gave to Baja California nearly all of the beauties possible in a dry, warm climate—towering mountains, flowery desert flats, blue water, bird-rich islands, and scores of great, curving beaches as fine as the best anywhere in the world. All of this has remained very nearly inviolate just because very little of what we call progress has marred it. Baja has never needed protection because the land protects itself." Joseph Wood Krutch in his *Introduction* to BAJA CALIFORNIA *and the Geography of Hope*.

However, the time is fast approaching when the Mexican government will have to decide whether to halt certain kinds of exploitation or let them destroy things which, once lost, can never be recovered.

To illustrate the beauty of this land—its strange and fascinating landscape with giant cardon cactus and contorted elephant trees, its tropical brilliance—Eliot Porter is the ideal photographer. Again to quote Mr. Krutch: "Eliot Porter's photographs, for all their detail and realism, are not just a traveler's record of Baja, they are works of art which record an individual artist's special vision. Looked at from one point of view, they are primarily mood and pattern pictures. In this respect they belong in the finest tradition of modern art. But they are fundamentally different from pure abstractions because the moods are generated by external nature and the patterns are those discovered in nature, not purely human inventions. Porter's is an art which reasserts the old conviction that nature is the source of all beauty and the sole inspiration of art."

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NAVAJO WILDLANDS *As Long As the Rivers Shall Run*

Photographs by *Philip Hyde*. Text by *Stephen C. Jett*. Edited by *David Brower*.

The Navajo tribal lands are spread over some of America's most striking wilderness areas. The landscape in the Southwest is hardly believable. In *Navajo Wildlands* Philip Hyde presents a camera portrait of this complex area that has long fascinated man. In 72 color photographs Mr. Hyde captures the gothic mood of this wilderness and its basic element—stone.

But this majestic land is now threatened by a fate similar to that which befell Glen Canyon. The life-blood of the land—the still-living and free-flowing rivers, the *rivers that should run forever*—may be shut off by dams. In an attempt to preserve their lands, the Navajos created a Tribal Park Commission to help identify areas of scenic importance and to strive for their incorporation into a Navajo Park.

This was but the first step in solving the problems of preserving this area. With the finest text and photographs we could find, the Sierra Club tries to describe as vividly as possible the crucial problems that still lie ahead—problems that involve all America for on their solution depends the future of this great natural heritage.

#14 in the Exhibit Format Series, 72 color photographs. $25.00

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BEN K. GREEN: SWAMI OF THE SACRED SWAP

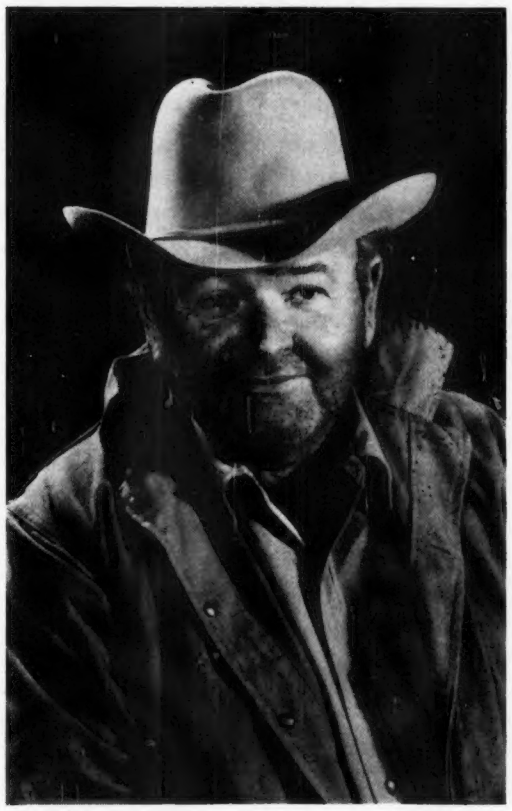
By Owen Ulph

Had Ben K. Green been present when Richard III called despairingly, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" the history of England—and possibly of the world—would have been changed.

One shortcoming of western scholarship and literary activity is that almost everything worth writing about seems to have been done. "Research" is too often repetitious or, at best, concerned with trivia of interest to no one but the author's dependent relatives; and fiction follows formulas that were threadbare in the days of the three-toed hippogriff. "Adult westerns," with their strained depth psychology, seldom come off. Our gods and heroes have ossified. Civilization sags in its middle. It is late afternoon. Vegetation droops and the springs have gone dry. Even the green-headed flies have become too bored to bite. But just as one is tempted to spin the revolving chamber for a round of Russian roulette, something happens to restore vitality, to reaffirm the diginity of man, and to remind us that the spark in the universe has not gone out. In short, when there appears a work of pure, pristine, natural, uncorrupted, authentic, creative genius, such as Ben Green's *Horse Tradin'* (Knopf, 1967), it is an event that calls for drinks for the house.

Horse Tradin' is a collection of extremely convincing yarns of Aesopian magnitude concerning one of the West's notoriously colorful lost arts. Several of these stories were first presented to a limited public in 1963 as an appendage to a slimmed-down, 141-page, privately printed book entitled *Horse Conformation*—itself a miniature classic about which preliminary comment should be made.

The author, Ben K. Green, is a semi-retired cowhand, horse-trader, and veterinarian from Cumby, Texas, in the unfortunate vicinity of Dallas. As a man whose bread and butter, as well as his own bones, depended upon the accuracy of his judgments, Ben Green is in the impregnable position of being able to buttress his theoretical and professional knowledge with an unstinting amount of practical experience and undiluted *horse sense*. The resulting work is "science" in its simplest and most direct form, free from the neo-scholastic humbug palmed off these days on readers who are too easily snowed by an avalanche of annotation and pretentious bibliographies (usually cribbed from some previously published works on the same theme). The introductions to Green's books are free from the tedious lists of acknowledgments that clutter the uninspired, collective enterprises currently subsidized by



Ben K. Green.

lucrative grants dispensed through "Centers" that might better have spent time, energy, and money developing a superior manure-spreader. Green's work is uniquely his own. He writes saltily as a self-reliant, unbroken, irrepressible individualist who assumes full responsibility for his unequivocal demolition of commonly accepted notions about the nature of the wily two-legged and four-legged brutes that constitute his subject.

Horse Conformation should be required reading for everyone who, at any time in his life, has climbed on a horse's back or contemplates doing so. From it he will learn that there are a lot of habits often regarded as manifestations of orneriness and malice in these spirited beasts that are attributable to the structure of their anatomy—such as balking, boogering, shying, snorting, spooking, forging, and side-winding. A careful reading of Green's book should make a better rider and a better man. While the information it supplies may not stop a hand from cussing, it will at least make him more philosophical and enable him to realize that while his profanity may ease his own feelings it does not add much to the education of the horse. Passages confronted in *Horse Conformation* caused me some diminution of self-esteem as I reflected upon the useless savagery with which I have sometimes employed gut-hooks to compel a horse to clamber over some obstacle that, because of the position of his eyes in his skull, he simply could not see. On the subject of the "Forward Seat," which has been advocated so persistently and authoritatively by self-styled experts, Green writes, "The position of Forward Seat riding has stiffened more shoulders prematurely, bucked more knees and wind-galled more ankles than any other misconceived riding practice of the last fifty years."

Horse Tradin' by Ben K. Green (*Knopf, $5.95*)

Horse Conformation belongs on a shelf with Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*, Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Mrs. Beeton's *Cookery and Household Management*, and Stendhal's *De L'Amour*. My immediate reaction after finishing it was that everything else ever written about the horse—including my own inspired observations, but excluding Xenophon's *On Equitation*—could be thrown away. I even indulged fantasies of running Green for President and giving Texas a chance to redeem itself.

This year, A. A. Knopf, living up to his reputation as a publisher with an uncanny instinct for scenting talent in

(Continued on page 23)

A PRIVATE VISION, A PRIVATE SONG

Two Leggings: The Making of a Crow Warrior by Peter Nabokov (*Thomas Y. Crowell, $6.95)*

BY THEODORA KROEBER

DURING THE 1920s WILLIAM WILDSCHUT was doing field research on the Crow Indians in Montana for the Museum of the American Indian (Heye Foundation, New York). Along with other papers, Wildschut deposited in the archives of the museum a manuscript transcription of the autobiographical recollections of Two Leggings, a Crow Indian who died in 1923 at about eighty years of age. Peter Nabokov's book, *Two Leggings: The Making of a Crow Warrior,* contains the materials of this lengthy manuscript, reduced through careful editing and rewriting—an absorbing book to anyone who likes to read biography or is interested in history, in religion, in people. He begins each chapter with a brief prologue on general Crow practice and belief, with special reference to the particular materials that follow, and ends it with critical notes. In an appendix, he gives examples from Wildschut's text and, alongside, his own rewording or reordering of them. The reader can see how he has tightened them, giving them structure and a style that at least approximates the indigenous Crow narrative style—Nabokov had only a free translation to work from, since Wildschut did not know Crow nor was he a trained linguist. Beyond this, Nabokov has taken care to preserve Two Leggings' own understanding of meanings and motives, and to suppress any evident reinterpretations by Wildschut or his Crow interpreters.

Nabokov finds the peculiar value of this autobiography to be Two Leggings' ordinariness; neither the quality of his imagination nor any achievement carried him beyond typical Crow culture and behavior. Two Leggings was born in the 1840's, which meant that his first forty years were the final forty years of that curious artificial flowering of Plains Indian culture that followed the white man's arrival on the Plains. Nowhere in the narrative is there anything suggesting that Two Leggings (or his Crow contemporaries) knew of, or speculated upon, an earlier time when their ancestors were horticulturists, albeit marginal ones; when the buffalo was hunted cautiously with a bow, the arrows tipped with flint or obsidian, and skinning and butchering were done with knives and scrapers of flint, horn, or bone; when the only domesticated animal was the dog.

The Crow way of life that Two Leggings knew and celebrated in his recollections was nomadic, the temporary tepee village as mobile as a gypsy caravan. The encampments and the breaking of camp, the raids, hunts, and wars were organized and disciplined like the movements of a Roman Legion on campaign, accompanied by women and baggage. Life centered around the warriors and the war fraternities, the hunt and raid, killing and scalping and counting coup; it centered in fact on the horse and firearms, both importations from Europe to America. It was in Mexico and on the Plains of North America that the syndrome of horse, gun, and man most ruled the lives of Indians and whites alike, and from there the syndrome moved on west—where it plays itself out today, vulgar and degenerate, in Hollywood and its Westerns.

Two Leggings just before his death.

It is easy to lose oneself in Two Leggings' world: with a swift horse under you, some skulking Flatheads just out of sight over the next ridge, a herd of buffalo to be run down for a feast of fresh tongue, twenty head of horses to be cut out from under a waking enemy's nose and added to one's own bunch, a coup to count on a fallen foe, a scalp or two to bring home. A world resembling a cowboy magazine story and as incredible, except that every act and intention and thought is saturated with the old, authentic Crow passion of religious belief and motivation. The tools, unbeknownst to Two Leggings, had changed, and the size of the hunts and the scope of the expeditions had grown, but the rewards and the sacred imperatives were as in the ancient Stone Age days. And a high-style code and ritual and a bravura view of life it was.

The quest for religious power began in early boyhood and never really ceased. Prayer and fasting, torture and sacrifice were all used to bring to the suppliant at last, after much time and much pain, the favorable attention of one or more supernatural Beings who would then bestow upon him a private vision, a private song, and a medicine that would assure success on the hunt and in war, and without which there was no success or honor among one's people or in one's fraternity or inside one's own tepee.

There are some moving incidents, such as a circumstantial account of Two Leggings' experience of his own ritual torture in a Sun Dance. This is excruciatingly vivid, its horrid beauty and ordered violence reminiscent of the *corrida.* I like best in the book Two Leggings' Crow imagery, which Nabokov evokes from a long linguistic distance: "There is not much to any boy's life. Even the gathering of wisdom is play. . . . We never stayed where something

(Continued on page 28)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG WESTERNERS

BY NANCY OLMSTED

SO MUCH OF THE HISTORY offered to children and young people smacks of the contrived—the "realism" of television or neat little public relations "value-lessons"—that it is a relief to report that both history and children have managed to survive in good health. As evidence, I offer some current books that can be given to children with genuine satisfaction. Some of these are on natural history, included because in the exploration and settlement of the West there has been a continuing closeness between man and the creatures who shared the land with him.

The Treeless Plains, written and illustrated by Glen Rounds (*Holiday House, $4.00*), will delight any young person who savored the details of Robinson Crusoe's ingenious housekeeping. This is the story of life among the early settlers of the High Plains, particularly of life lived in the only kind of house available to most of them—the sod hut. Glen Rounds (born in such a house) describes the difficulties: "It wasn't unusual to see the beds covered tent fashion with pieces of canvas, or the housewife holding an umbrella over her head and wearing overshoes to protect her feet against the puddles .... In dry weather when the roof didn't leak, there were other annoyances." These last included ever-present sifting dirt, mice, gophers, beetles, and snakes. Mr. Rounds—mule skinner, cowboy, logger, lightning artist, carnival talker, and sign painter—is a fine storyteller and talented pen-and-ink artist. There is nothing fake or contrived here.

Equally reliable and fascinating is **Great River, Wide Land: The Rio Grande through History**, by Armstrong Sperry (*Macmillan, $4.50*). Using the Rio Grande as the twisting skein to tie his story together, Sperry ranges widely from Coronado's search for golden Cibola, the life of the Pueblo Indians, the discovery of Sandia Man, the adventures of Kit Carson, and the Texas battle expeditions into Santa Fe, up to the development of the atomic bomb at Los Alamos—a consistently dramatic history of a land whose heroes were lifesize and its mysteries tantalizing.

American Indians Sing, by Charles Hofmann (*John Day, $6.00*), is a book of the folk art of the American Indians, containing many songs, music (to be played), diagrams of dances, masks, musical instruments, sand paintings, and kachina dolls. All of these art forms are placed in the context of the Indian tribal rituals and religious beliefs. (Beware of small medicine men, however; the drawings are sufficiently technical to make reproduction of some of the equipment possible.) A recording of actual Indian chants and songs is included for a final realistic touch. Heady stuff for eight years to about fourteen.

Although not a new book, **The Art of the North American Indian**, by Shirley Glubok (*Harper & Row, 1964, $4.50*), is a natural companion to the above and is truly distinguished in its selection of superb Indian art. The fine photography in this book humanizes Indians once and for all, removing them forever from the image of the stereotyped nickel-Indian.

Clark's drawings (from To the Pacific with Lewis and Clark*) show how the Chinook Indians flattened their infants' heads to a breadth of less than two inches. The resulting distortion was highly prized in adults.*

Cooking in a sod hut, from The Treeless Plains.

The First Book of the Aztecs, by Barbara I. Beck (*Franklin Watts, $1.98*), continues an excellent series of slim (70-80 pages) scientific books devoted to covering a single subject carefully and with imagination. This "First" Aztec book is written in an easy story-telling manner, but there is nothing diluted or glossed over. Young readers will pick up quite a vocabulary of Aztec words, always given in the context of the story and spelled out (pho-net-i-cal-ly). Detailed anthropological information, a careful history of the people, and drawings, photographs, and rubbings of Aztec art give the work great authority.

This same series of "First Books," published by Franklin Watts, includes two excellent scientific books of special interest to young western observers—**The First Book of Mountains**, by Frances Smith (*1964, $1.99*), and **The First Book of Deserts**, by David C. Knight (*1964, $1.99*). Although both books were obviously prepared as extended introductory essays to complicated subjects, and written in a simple, straightforward style, the material is sophisticated enough to answer the kind of questions that send adults thumbing through reference books. Good photographs and diagrams help.

The Valley of the Smallest: The Life Story of a Shrew, by Aileen Fisher, with illustrations by Jean Zallinger (*Thomas Y. Crowell, $4.00*), is a marvelous blend of the lyrics of fiction with the realities of nature: "From the top of a hummock

(Continued on page 24)

COMMENTARY

By Wallace Stegner

A Matter of Continuity

The Commission on the Year 2000, looking into the future for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, remarks that "a sense of historical time is absent from American thought," and in the special California issue of *Saturday Review* one of the commonest words used to describe that most American of states is "ahistorical."

Accurate? I think so. Though there is an interest in history in California (without it we would be out of business), it is often the activity of uprooted people fumbling for the broken threads of their continuity; and among the young the historical sense is often missing.

I think of the student from Los Angeles who, when I spoke of having written *Wolf Willow* to help create the history of my childhood frontier and thus to find out who I was and where I came from, asked me seriously, "Why do you *care* where you came from? Isn't it what you are, now, that matters?" I think too of the explanation that many Haight-Ashbury runaways give for their arrival: they want, they say, to "find out about themselves." It does not occur to them to seek themselves in their origins, for what matters in California is Now; it has no past tense. Its characteristic social rule is that each person should "do his thing" without interference, and its characteristic art form is the Happening.

But if time, as St. Augustine said, is a threefold present, then one wonders if living in the existential Now, giving up both memory and expectation, isn't less Nirvana than deprivation.

One particularly wonders what a generally ahistorical attitude might do to literature. I have complained before that western literature is too often either a cheap narcotic or a literature without a present; and that when western writers do try to handle the present, they lack contact with any very dense social web or any continuity of tradition. Blame the youthful, half-formed society; blame the fact that western history very early got captured by the cheap, vulgarizing mass media. Still, it is hard to avoid the sense that many in the West care nothing about any historical continuity and that young western writers are driven either toward purely historical, even costume, fiction, or toward the states of consciousness, personal hells, black humor, and comic-strip allegory that seem fashionable. Carried to the length of some of the Haight-Ashbury gurus, the ahistorical stance can inhibit creation entirely. The rumor is that LSD releases hangups and promotes creativity. From my observation of young writers who "make the drug scene," I should say rather that this particular means of achieving the continuous present seldom releases more than the critical faculty, and often releases all desire to create.

In our belief in, or repudiation of, history is one element of the generation gap. The Hawthorne who lamented the thinness of American social structure, tradition, and history, and who spent his life trying to build his country a usable past, will not be understood or honored by the Happening people, who apotheosize improvisation. Yet history demonstrates, if it demonstrates anything, that literature, especially the novel, helplessly depends on the individual and societal memory.

Southerners and Jews have dominated our fiction for thirty-odd years, and these writers have been led to hunt themselves not in the Now of primary sensation but in their respective traditions, even though—perhaps especially because—their traditions both contain a defeat and a curse. To explore the past is not necessarily to glorify it, to acknowledge yourself as part of a human continuum is not to admire everything that made you. Faulkner's Quentin Compson—haunted, sweating in the dark, crying to himself, "I don't hate the South, I don't hate it, I don't!"—is a man hooked on history, as his creator was; and between them they make better fiction than the ahistorical individual with only himself to know, only himself to say.

Now comes William Styron's latest novel, a sort of model, a demonstration. Its meanings reverberate through a region, through castes and classes, through all the senses, through weathers and times, through all the labyrinthine, tormented complexities of the slavery curse. Called by its author "a meditation on history," and occurring entirely within the mind of one doomed black man, it succeeds in being a truly social novel, which is the best thing a novel can be. It shows any western writer not only where he ought to be looking for himself, but how far he and his region still have to go before his past can be made as usable and alive for him as the Virginia past is to Styron.

I await the day when I can review a novel that does for the West what *The Confessions of Nat Turner* does for Virginia and the South, and ultimately, by the extensions that make local into universal, for all sympathetic readers. I expect to wait a long time, and to see some widespread changes of mind in the West, before I have that chance.

LETTERS AND NOTES

Department of Sundry Embarrassments . . . .

Credit corrections: In the August, 1967, issue of *The American West*, the frontispiece is from an original negative owned by the Los Angeles County Museum The picture of Sam Houston on page 53 is from a daguerreotype owned by the George Eastman House.

Badly-used authors: Two lamentable errors in the September 15, 1967, issue of *The American West Review* managed to scuttle through a gauntlet of editors and proofreaders. J. S. Holliday reports that his name is never—but *never*—spelled with one "l" (see Table of Contents, p. 3), and W. H. Hutchinson (see p. 31), long-time Guest Lecturer at Chico State College, has for some months past been full Professor of History.

Cooke vs. Snively

Sir:

Stephen B. Oates, in "The Hard Luck Story of the Snively Expedition" (*The American West*, August, 1967), states that Snively's force of Texan raiders was disarmed by Captain Cooke "some fifty miles west of the 100th meridian," within territory claimed by Texas. Professor Oates implies that Captain Cooke and the court of inquiry which investigated his actions were mistaken to claim that the Texans

were "within the territory of the United States."

It would be more accurate to state that the Texans were mistaken in thinking that they were still on Texas territory. My investigations, the results of which are briefly included in *Soldiers on the Santa Fe Trail* (University of Oklahoma Press, 1967), led to the conclusion that the Texans were disarmed about fifteen miles below the Caches on the Santa Fe Trail, which places the location approximately ten miles east of the 100th meridian and within the United States. It should be noted that neither the Texans nor Cooke knew the exact location of the 100th meridian in 1843. In 1945 Lt. W. B. Franklin, Topographical Engineers, determined the longitude of the point where the Snively Expedition was disarmed and found it to be within U.S. territory, much to the delight of Captain Cooke.

After the Texans were disarmed on June 30, Cooke escorted the trade caravan as far as the Cimarron Crossing of the Arkansas (approximately twenty-five miles west of the 100th meridian), where the traders crossed on July 4. Cooke began his return march to Fort Leavenworth the following day. At no time on this expedition did Cooke's Dragoons reach a point fifty miles west of the 100th meridian, nor is there sufficient evidence to prove that they passed outside of U. S. territory.

Leo E. Oliva
Fort Hays Kansas State College

PACIFICATION AND TOTAL WAR

BY JOHN TRICAMO

Frontiersmen in Blue: The United States Army and the Indian, 1848–1865 by Robert M. Utley (*Macmillan, $9.95*)

STUDENTS OF AMERICAN MILITARY HISTORY, when dealing with the nineteenth century, have concentrated on the Civil War. Yet the great bulk of the army's responsibilities for the hundred-year period beginning with the 1780's was on the Indian frontier. Indeed, one could argue that the most effective stimulus for the creation of an army came from the need to provide a defense against the Indian.

Robert M. Utley has chosen in this study (one of the volumes in "The Macmillan Wars of the United States") to investigate the army's performance in the West from the conclusion of the Mexican War to the end of the Civil War. The 1850's and 1860's were decades in which the process of manifest destiny was rapidly unfolding in the West. Miners, ranchers, and farmers were moving into the mountains and plains. As Mr. Utley writes, "To the Indian inhabitants of the West, the white man's advance foreshadowed a destiny not altogether manifest but still deeply disturbing." The clash was inevitable and the role of the army was to pacify the West, a pacification that would ultimately destroy the Indian.

Most of the chapters of this book deal with the operations of the army on the Great Plains, in the Southwest and on the Pacific Coast. The description of the campaigns against Comanches, Apaches, Navajos, the Sioux, and innumerable other tribes, is narrative history at its best. In his accounts of the Sioux uprising of 1862-1863 in Minnesota and the massacre of the Cheyennes at Sand Creek the author illustrates his contention that a practice of "total war" was by this time becoming acceptable on the frontier.

Mr. Utley's pages dealing with the regular army are superb. Here we see an organization whose professional qualities had been enhanced by the Mexican War and by its operations in the western territories in the 1850's. The military had not yet developed a truly mobile "counterguerilla" force, but changes take time. Though the author feels it was not "a truly effective Indian-fighting army," his narrative, to this reader, seems to illustrate that on the whole the regulars performed well especially in the Pacific Northwest and against the Navajos and the Sioux in the 1860's.

In the 1850's the army's administration was weakened by rivalries between secretaries of war and the generals-in-chief. The various departmental or bureau chiefs were military bureaucrats who had no field experience and who bypassed their nominal superior, the General-in-Chief, in favor of the Secretary of War.

As in most of our military history, another significant factor in the army's weakness was the Congress, which reflected the traditional American fear of a standing army, along with the usual legislature considerations for economy. In analyzing the debates and votes, Mr. Utley points out the absence of a sectional pattern on the question. Contrary to the voting of their regional colleagues, strong antislavery senators such as John P. Hale, Zackariah Chandler, Charles Sumner, and Benjamin Wade opposed a larger regular army, while southerners like Jefferson Davis, John B. Floyd, and Stephen Mallory favored it. Some westerners called for volunteers instead of regulars to fight the Indian, even though the professionals proved to be more able than their civilian counterparts.

Uniforms of the 2nd U.S. Cavalry, 1855-61. From left to right: musician, company officer, private in fatigues, corporal in full dress.

The frontier army needed more cavalry, the expense of which was too much for economy-minded congressmen. The Plains Indian, much like the modern-day guerilla, stressed continual movement. He sought to avoid casualties above all. To counteract the Indian, the army had to develop a mobility that only the cavalry could provide.

In his discussion of army personnel, Mr. Utley makes some notable contributions. Seventy-three percent of the officers in the 1850's were West-Pointers, but they were not in the top ranks, as promotion was incredibly slow. Therefore, many would resign their commissions to take more lucrative civilian positions. For the enlisted men the drudgery of garrison life on the frontier led to many instances of drunkenness and desertion. It is estimated that one-eighth of the troops deserted in 1860.

(Continued on page 25)

FROM IDYLL TO EMPIRE

James K. Polk, Jacksonian, 1795–1843; Continentalist, 1843–1846 by Charles Sellers (*Princeton University Press, $12.50 each volume, $20.00 the set*)

By Roy F. Nichols

THESE TWO VOLUMES are notable examples of the historian's craft. The author has been indefatigable in his search for materials which, because they are so abundant and so scattered, have required great effort to discover and use. Likewise he has not permitted himself to be lured into simple analyses. This is a complicated story, as is any phase of the political behavior of the years 1820–1845. But Sellers has been able to keep the complexity comprehensible, even though he sometimes loses sight of Polk in this elaborate analysis of his environment and his times.

Some communities generate forces that do much to determine the nature of those who grow up in them; they place their mark upon their sons and daughters. Such was Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in the years of the nation's founding. It was a region of agricultural simplicity, where each man was his own master, generally owning his own farm. Most of the inhabitants supported themselves by tilling the soil or by processing or trading its produce. A smaller group practiced such professions as the frontier required—law, medicine, theology, surveying. The citizens were independent and self-reliant, asking help from few. Here cities were rare and there were few men of affairs who had large schemes and projects; who dealt in charters and contracts, securities and paper money; who used mortgages rather than title deeds, certificates rather than coin, promises rather than gold and silver.

It was a land and a time that would support a Jefferson, but never a Hamilton—a prince of stock jobbers, a paper money manipulator, an enterpriser who was anathema to its way of life.

Today this account seems an idyll of rural felicity, of a life uncomplicated by any institutional complexities or any of the unnatural pressures of mechanization beyond the most elementary—the turn of the screw or the wheel, driven by wind and water or propelled by human or animal muscle.

It was in Mecklenburg that James K. Polk was born in 1795, in a veritable physiocratic Eden. His father came from a family with an erratic streak, although he himself was stable enough; his mother was of the family of John Knox, the Scotch divine. Polk's inheritance thus created a tension within him: some of his forebears were pious Calvinists; others were pioneer, free-thinking land speculators. Some believed in liberty and some in predestination. Some were patriots active in the Revolution, others were more interested in the main chance. The young Polk united in himself conscience and ambition; he believed in liberty but was determined to rule. Religious difference in an age of faith so manifested itself in his family that it prevented his baptism at the font and destined him to a lifelong struggle with religious controversies which would not be resolved until his deathbed. All his life his Methodist preference for free grace, as opposed to predestination, resisted the Presbyterian influence of his mother and his wife.

This inner conflict was intensified by physical handicaps. As a boy he was sickly; he could not compete in sports nor do the heavy chores required of his fellows. He was plagued by frustration and a sense of inferiority. The cause of this weakness was a formidable kidney stone, for which the crude medicine of the day provided heroic therapy. His father took him to Kentucky, where a Dr. McDowell strapped him to a table and operated without anesthetic. The surgery so improved his health that he could at last seek an education and prepare to enter the University of North Carolina.

The University of North Carolina still dwelt in the Age of Reason in its predestinarian Presbyterian interpretation. James Polk was disciplined in thought, writing, speaking, and memorization. One of his great interests was membership in the Dialectic debating society, where he gained practical experience that played no small part in his education. It was soon apparent that Polk was diligent and capable, if not creative, and conditioned to respond to the faculty in a way they would appreciate: he was intellectually receptive, retentive, and not rebellious.

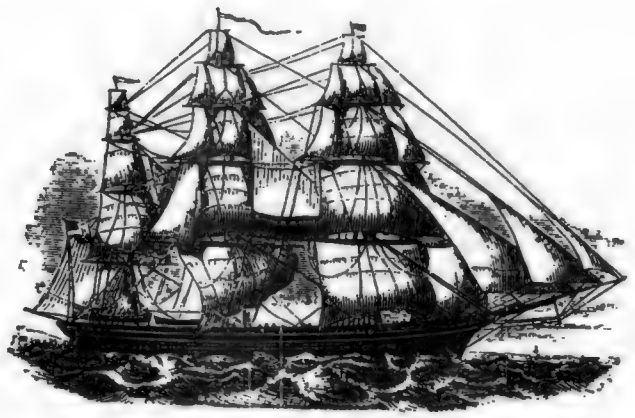
Upon graduation, Polk returned to study law in Tennessee, where his family had moved when he was 11; proceeding to Nashville, he entered the office of Felix Grundy. But law was never to be his major interest. Grundy was a member of the legislature; he wanted one of his staff to be secretary of the Tennessee Senate, and when the one he invited declined, Polk volunteered and Grundy accepted him. For most of the rest of his short life, Polk remained in politics.

The politics that he entered must not be confused with our current brand. It was a rough-and-tumble type of outdoor confrontation. Those who wished to be elected made themselves available to an electorate that they faced on the hustings. During campaigns they traveled endlessly and spoke ceaselessly; campaigning stopped only when, as presidential candidates, they received some sort of formal nomination by caucus or convention. It was the day of stump speaking; of writing and printing of addresses; of savage debate, oratory, and argument, punctuated by insults and duels. Political parties as we know them had hardly been born.

When Polk came on the scene, politics in Tennessee was operated by loose factional groupings in the various sections of the state; the voters followed natural leaders, well-to-do men "who had something to gain from political control." Often they were "held together by personal friendships," ties of family, and the hostility of common enemies. When Polk won his first election to the state legislature in 1823, the faction that had been in control since the days of Blount and the original exploiters of the state had recently been defeated in the gubernatorial race by a "man of the people," General William Carroll. When Polk took his seat, instead of lining up with the men of enterprise and property to which his own family belonged, he joined the governor in seeking reform.

In the battle for state control, the conservatives were making use of Jackson's fame, and it served their purposes to woo Polk to their side by backing him for Congress. When Jackson eventually

(Continued on page 28)



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THE STYLE OF THE PAST

By Donald A. Crosby, A.I.A.

The architecture of the past is one of the most valuable testaments we have to the society that produced it. A building can be fully as useful a document of cultural attitudes as a letter or journal, for a building out of the past often embodies in an inescapably tangible form the needs, tastes, and aspirations of an era.

Normally, when we think of the architecture of a period, it is usually the larger, institutional structures that come to mind, massive celebrations of civic and social self-gratification—banks, courthouses, and even skyscrapers. Yet residential architecture is an equally compelling and useful guide to the attitudes of the past, for a man's home—on whatever financial level—frequently is a reflection of his own personality; it mirrors his view of himself and, by inference, his view of the society in which he lives. It is unfortunate, then, that residential architecture has not been given the attention it deserves in historical study.

Texas Homes of the 19th Century, by Todd Webb and Drury Blakely Alexander *(University of Texas Press, $15.00)*, goes a long way toward rectifying the situation. In a series of superbly presented photographs by Webb with a running commentary by Alexander, the authors have limned in fine style one aspect of early Texas history—and in the patterns of architecture thus revealed we can read significant changes that paralleled the cultural development of the state.

The rugged, subsistence life of the frontier is shown in the rustic log structures of the earliest pioneers, who fashioned their dwellings from the materials

The Dick West Log House, Salem community, Texas.

that nature offered them. The crudeness of detailing and stark lack of ornamentation is evidence of a harsh and transient life in which home was shelter, not self-expression. It was an architecture of need that owed its origin—as the authors point out—to the log houses of the South Atlantic seacoast. The Westward Movement carried this form of building into Texas, where it ultimately was modified to meet special regional requirements.

It is unfortunate that the authors fail to acknowledge specifically these special regional adaptations (although the photographic plates mutely record them), for many of them contributed to the formation of architectural features seen in no other area of the country. One such feature is the "dog run," or split plan with central breezeway, The dog run eventually faded from wide use; the open breezeway was walled in, but the general structural characteristics it required remained an essential feature of the more modest Texas home for many years after its passing.

Later settlers also imported, then modified, their architecture. In the photographs of the Antebellum and Victorian periods can be seen reflections of a more affluent life, which provided both money and leisure for the luxury of self-expression. This took the form first of a fairly pure Classic Revival style and later of a thoroughly romantic Victorian, with all its eclectic vigor. The monumental scale and elaboration of both styles afforded the opportunity for an architecture responsive to wealth and imagination rather than need.

The authors achieve their goal of capturing "the amazing variety and richness of the architectural heritage left to us by the first settlers and those who came after them." Although the achievement is more visual than textual, for the most part, it can only be hoped that other socially important documents of this type will be produced. As the authors point out: "Without the concerted effort of many people who value this legacy of our past it will be lost to us. The future generations of Texas, as a result, will have no visual contact with the past, and our cities will have lost the individuality that only unique architectural monuments can provide."

Donald A. Crosby is a San Francisco architect.

A Stone water tower at Mason, Texas.

New Dimensions In Nevada History

Nevada's Twentieth Century Mining Boom: Tonopah-Goldfield-Ely
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" . . . brings into proper perspective the later mining era which had much to do with preventing the state from becoming a ghost state."
— *Sacramento Bee*
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A WESTERN GATHERING

Full bibliographic information (number of pages, where published, etc.) for all books reviewed can be obtained from the listing under Current Western Books, page 3.

The Buffalo Soldiers: A Narrative of the Negro Cavalry in the West by William H. Leckie (*University of Oklahoma, Norman, $5.95*)

BY PHILIP DURHAM

THE NEGRO CONTRIBUTED SIGNIFICANTLY to the development of the West, but he was not really *there* until the historians put him there; and the fiction writers could not put him there until the historians did. Now the belated move is on, and the Negro is assuming his rightful place in the history of the West during the nineteenth century.

In 1963 we had an account of a Negro cavalry officer (*Negro Frontiersman: The Western Memoirs of Henry O. Flipper, First Negro Graduate of West Point*, edited by Thomas H. Harris); in 1965 there was a treatment of the Negro cowboys (*The Negro Cowboys*, by Philip Durham and Everett L. Jones); and here is a detailed account of the Negro troopers. In the near future, I hope, we will have full historical treatments of Negro infantrymen, homesteaders, miners, and mountain men.

In 1952 Tom Lea daringly (because they were not *there* yet) used the Negro cavalrymen in fiction in *The Wonderful Country*, and Will Henry has just published a fictionalized account of a Negro cowboy in *One More River to Cross*. So we are on the way.

The Congressional Act of July 28, 1866, (later modified by supplementary legislation in 1869) established two Negro cavalry regiments, the Ninth and Tenth, and two Negro infantry regiments, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth. All four saw continuous service in the West until nearly the end of the century.

During the years before the Spanish-American War, troops of the Ninth Cavalry served in Texas, New Mexico, Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Utah, and Montana. The Tenth Cavalry rode in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, and in fact, was still fighting under "Black Jack" Pershing as late as the campaign against Pancho Villa in 1916.

Colonel Edward Hatch of Iowa organized the Ninth Cavalry at Greenville, Louisiana, and Colonel Benjamin Grierson organized the Tenth Cavalry at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. From the outset both regimental commanders encountered a variety of difficulties. They were allowed to use only white officers, but many officers refused to serve with Negro troops, feeling that Negroes would not make good soldiers. "The dashing 'boy general,' George A. Custer, refused a lieutenant colonelcy with the Ninth and wangled the same rank in the newly formed Seventh Cavalry—a decision that was probably a stroke of good fortune for the Ninth." Potential troopers were eager to join up, but Grierson's requirements were so high that enlistments were slow. In the spring of 1867, Grierson had only seven officers and eighty enlisted men; but by the summer of 1867, the Ninth and Tenth were moving westward to the high plains.

The Negro troopers soon became known as the "Buffalo Soldiers" because of their dark, curly hair. It was a term they apparently accepted as having no perjorative connotation. They appeared, in fact, to be proud of the sobriquet, and the Tenth had a buffalo mounted on its regimental emblem.

For a long time, of course, the Negro troopers met with a good deal of discrimination. Yet, as they fought their way throughout the West, they gradually began to achieve a reputation as fine soldiers. Like all soldiers, they created problems and raised hell; but as they were welded into units, they became extremely competent. In an official report, for example, Major Morrow of the Ninth had high praise for his troops:

> [They] marched about 1,000 miles, over two hundred of which was through country never explored by troops, drove the Indians from every rancheria . . . destroyed immense amounts of . . . food, robes, skins, utensils, and material, and captured forty horses and mules. I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of the officers and men under my command, always cheerful and ready, braving the severest hardships with short rations and no water without a murmur. The Negro troops are peculiarly adapted to hunting Indians, knowing no fear, and capable of great endur-

ance.

The Negro troopers were in the Lincoln County War, in which Billy the Kid was involved; they fought through the bloody Victorio War against the Warm Springs Apaches; they pursued outlaws and built forts; and along the way they accumulated several Congressional Medals of Honor.

The Ninth became "proud, tough, and confident. . . , the equal of any similar combat unit in the country." The Tenth Cavalry in its "performance against Victorio could scarcely be faulted. They had marched, fought, and scouted in the best traditions of the service. Equally their behavior in camp and station left little to be desired. Desertions in 1880, despite the most rigorous campaign in the regiment's history, reached an all-time low of five—the best record by far of any regiment in the country."

After we note the historical irony that pitted two of America's minority groups against each other and scattered the plains with dead Negroes and Indians, we should all be grateful for Dean Leckie's carefully detailed history of the place of the Negro troopers in the West. Now that we have proof that the troopers were *there*, we can hope that other historians and fiction writers will tell us more of the accomplishments of the Ninth and Tenth U.S. Cavalry regiments.

Philip Durham, in the Department of English at UCLA, currently is completing a study of contributions of popular literature to American myths and traditions.

Forts of the Upper Missouri by Robert G. Athearn (*Prentice-Hall, $7.95*)

BY MARK H. BROWN

THE IDEA OF A CHAIN OF FORTS through the far northern regions of the "mysterious, muddy Missouri" originated after the close of the War of 1812 as a measure to exclude the British from the area. The proposal was dropped after General Atkinson's expedition up the Missouri in 1825, which generally failed in its attempt to open a bottleneck created by the Arickaras, but determined that the British actually did not constitute a threat. By the mid-1850's emigrants were beginning to push across the Great Plains in considerable numbers, and Indian difficulties along the Platte again raised the question of military protection. General Harney's choice of location for a post to achieve this objective was in the vicinity of Fort Pierre. Two years later, Fort Randall was built midway between this point and the town of Sioux City.

Soon the popular image of the Great Plains began to change, although the idea still persisted that it was a kind of desert hardly worth defending. Nevertheless, unrest among the Indians located between Fort Randall and the fur trading post of Fort Union attracted attention, and the Secretary of War began to contemplate linking the headwaters of the Missouri and the Columbia rivers with what eventually became the "Mullan Road." The beginning of the Civil War, however, pushed projects of this sort far into the background and it remained for the vigorous outbreak of the Santee and Yankton bands of the Dakota in 1862 to focus attention again on the Upper Missouri frontier.

The outbreak of 1862 resulted in prompt and effective action. General Sibley brought the Sioux in Minnesota under control, and a considerable number of troublemakers were executed. Most of the hostile bands fled to the country adjacent to, and east of, the Missouri, where they mingled with their Teton cousins who had drifted westward from their Minnesota homeland years before. Public clamor resulted in the mounting of military campaigns in 1864 and 1865, both of which were ineffective, and in the establishment of Fort Sully near Fort Pierre, and farther upstream, Forts Rice and Berthold. It also resulted in considerable debate about the need for establishing lines of posts to protect the Minnesota frontier and certain routes leading to the West. Thus the policy of establishing a line of defense in the Upper Missouri country became something of an established fact.

During the early 1860's, rich gold fields had been discovered in "Idaho"—now western Montana—and the years immediately following the end of the Civil War brought many travelers and much freight traffic up the Missouri. The Sioux, who had attacked Missouri steamboats during the Civil War years, continued for a time to make river passage dangerous, but the hazard faded as the white intrusion became solidly entrenched. Fort Abraham Lincoln, with its complement of cavalry, was added to the scene; and some of the more distant posts near Indian reservations were

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saddled with humdrum police duties. Gradually the situation stabilized, and near the turn of the century the Indian containment function of the military establishment ceased to exist.

This is the story that Robert G. Athearn tells with a deft and certain touch, backed up by the use of source material from files in the National Archives, contemporary newspapers and government publications, steamboat logs, diaries, and personal and official letters. It is a fascinating story, often highlighted with the intimate details recorded by officers and enlisted men, government officials, and travelers, of both sexes. It runs the gamut from stories of intrigue between high officials and the finagling of frontier editors, to the perennial scourges of whiskey, whores, scurvy, and dysentery. It describes early posts that surgeons and inspectors regarded as unfit for habitation and those, constructed later, that provided adequate shelter and even a few comforts. Particularly interesting is the picture of demoralization and reorganization following the close of the Civil War. One suspects that very little of importance escaped the author's careful winnowing.

Although the study has these earmarks of scrupulous preparation, its conclusion left this reader with a vague feeling of incompleteness. The story is thorough in regard to what happened east of the Missouri, certainly, but it devotes very little space to what happened west of the river.

This emphasis stems from the fact that the major part of the story involves the Sioux and the effect of their activities. Yet there is no mention made of the fact that the closing of the Bozeman Trail by the Sioux undoubtedly resulted in increased traffic up the river—and its concomitant responsibilities. Particularly conspicuous is an almost complete lack of reference to the Treaty of 1868 and its implications—except for an incorrect description of the boundaries of the reservation allotted to the Sioux. This treaty made even more unwarranted those hostilities and depredations of the Sioux that finally brought down on their heads the righteous wrath of the government—all of which may be epitomized by pointing out that when Custer and half of the Seventh Cavalry came to their sticky end, the great hostile camp that inflicted their defeat was trespassing on the Crow Reservation—also established by the Treaty of 1868.

But *Forts of the Upper Missouri* is dealing with a big and enormously complicated story; it is to be expected that something would inevitably be overlooked, and perhaps it boils down to nothing more than a matter of time and space limitations (conceivably imposed by the publisher). Certainly, the book is otherwise rich in detail and comprehension.

Stanley Vestal once remarked that in writing *The Missouri*, a rather loosely-written book, he was faced with a problem that was "like trying to put an elephant into a sardine tin." Although Athearn's excellent study can hardly be compared to *The Missouri*, it can be said that he has indeed packed much into his "sardine tin."

Mark H. Brown is the author of the recent The Flight of the Nez Percé *and* The Plainsmen of the Yellowstone.

How They Dug the Gold: An Informal History of Frontier Prospecting, Placering, Lode-Mining, and Milling in Arizona and the Southwest by Otis E. Young, Jr. (*Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society*)

BY WATSON PARKER

TRADITIONALLY, WRITERS ON WESTERN HISTORY have concentrated on the social, political, economic aspects of any given mineral rush; then—just when they get up to the really interesting part, the actual hole in the ground—they stop dead for lack of information. From now on they will have no excuse, for *How They Dug the Gold* clearly and pungently describes the basic elements of finding, digging, and milling gold. Assisted by Robert Lennon, a mining engineer of wide experience, and Sidney B. Brinckerhoff, of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, Otis E. Young, Jr., has produced a brief and notable handbook of western mining.

Young begins with a chapter on prospecting and assaying, both of which were uncommonly susceptible to swindling and chicanery. He then takes up the southwestern Spanish mining tradition, which, for all its primitive methodology, appears to have been far more effective in getting out gold than is commonly supposed. His chapter on the placer and hydraulic mining of alluvial deposits is based mainly on California practice with its multitude of ingenious devices, many

of them dating back to Georgius Agricola.

The second half of the book is devoted to hardrock mining: the finding, digging, and extraction of gold and silver from the ores themselves. Old timers may object that what Young describes "ain't the way we done it in the Hills," and they probably will be right, for Young admits that "generalizations have been made—have had to be made—at the expense of precise technical accuracy" and refers those who want that sort of accuracy to the engineering textbooks, "where they should have gone in the first place."

Excellent illustrations, supplied by Mr. Brinckerhoff, abound throughout the work, and most of them appear on the pages that discuss the ideas they illustrate. Footnotes, many of them by Mr. Lennon, will satisfy those in search of interesting technical details, while a selected bibliography of some fifty easily accessible works on mines and the mining frontier will "be of interest to the layman who desires to read on." Young concludes with an admirably thorough twelve-page index, which will prove a blessing to any researcher who wants to use the book for more than entertainment.

How They Dug the Gold fills a long-felt need for a condensed, accurate, and readable compendium of information about the mining methods of the frontier. A copy ought to be on every western historian's reference shelf, right next to Dan De Quille's *The Big Bonanza.*

Watson Parker is in the Department of History at Wisconsin State University, Oshkosh.

Newspapers on the Minnesota Frontier, 1849–1860 by George S. Hage (*Minnesota Historical Society, $4.50*)

BY THOMAS C. RYTHER

THE PIONEER PERIOD covered by *Newspapers on the Minnesota Frontier* was an era marked by the "vigorous expression of strong opinion," according to the author—and it was an opinion highly flavored with the determined optimism and enthusiasm indigenous to the frontier. One of the requirements of any frontier journal was that it be a medium of cheerful propaganda designed to attract settlers. This spirit of vigor and enthusiasm pervades George Hage's book and transforms what might have been a dusty study into an interesting and sometimes scintillating narrative.

The first two chapters of the book deal with the earliest papers in St. Paul, and in particular the St. Paul *Pioneer*, edited by the colorful James Madison Goodhue, who probably did a more conscientious and factual job of touting the attractions of St. Paul in the 1850's than any of his competitors—or successors, for that matter. (Hage, using admirable restraint, does not record the legend that Goodhue was persuaded by his friends not to name his newspaper *The Epistle of St. Paul.*)

From that point on, the book discusses the rise and growth of Minnesota's daily and weekly newspaper press, and includes a detailed discussion of the nearly one hundred English and foreign-language weeklies established between 1854 and 1860. The final chapter of the book summarizes a variety of issues and events that became grist for the journalistic mill in the frontier years: land-grant and railroad loan swindles, the money panic of 1857-58, Indian uprisings, the continual struggle over who was to get the public printing contracts, and the case of Ann Bilansky, the first person hanged in Minnesota for murder. The epilogue discusses in general fashion the trends that have prevailed in journalism generally and in Minnesota in particular since 1860, including the rise of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* and the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune.*

George S. Hage is Professor of Journalism at the University of Minnesota; assiduous research and a strong background in the field have enabled him to produce a book that is at once carefully documented in the best scholarly fashion and representative of the best traditions of journalism itself.

Thomas C. Ryther, former superintendent of the University of Kansas Press, currently is Assistant Professor of Journalism at the university.

The Ghost Dance of 1889 among the Pai Indians of Northwestern Arizona by Henry F. Dobyns and Robert C. Euler (*Prescott College Press, $5.85*)

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of the trans-Mississippi West, was hardly a phenomenon unique to the American Indian. Historically, the inexorable pressures of a strong culture on a weaker one have often inspired religious movements in reaction—intense, pervasive, and frequently militant. In our own time, we have seen such revivals in the India of Gandhi's era and among the Negroes of urban America. It is a phenomenon born of desperation; it is often self-destructive, in effect if not in purpose.

One aspect of particular interest in regard to the revival of 1889, however, is the fact that it not only spread with epidemic speed across the West but was able to cut across religious lines of great diversity at the same time. Such pervasiveness indicates more than simple religious zeal; it gives a strong hint of the degree of desperation involved, as the authors point out in *Ghost Dance*: "Only under conditions of severe stress were the Pai able to accept an outside religious movement, the ghost dance, with its associated creed centering on magical restoration of former lands and customs, and perform rituals dictated by that alien ideology."

Utilizing a wealth of anthropological and historical source material—including contemporary newspaper accounts, official records, and many interviews—Dobyns and Euler have produced a brief, yet compelling and often colorful study, the first in Prescott College's "Studies in Anthropology" series. With a degree of detail that would belie the book's sixty-seven pages, the authors have traced the causes and effects of the ghost dance movement among the Pai, and in so doing have offered significant insights on the movement as a whole. The dance, picked up by the Pai from the Southern Paiutes shortly after the prophet Wovoka revived it in 1889, burned through the tribe with the speed and intensity typical of the movement. After its equally typical decline little more than a year later, it had left at least one important legacy, as the authors report: "Further religious change laid at least some of the social foundations for bridging the wide conceptual gap that at first existed between the Pai and their Anglo-American conquerors. Christianity offered the prospect of a perfect world in which both living and dead would reunite without the ills of worldly travail even more than did the ghost dance movement."

Farewell to Texas: A Vanishing Wilderness by William O. Douglas (*McGraw-Hill, $6.95*)

Justice Douglas, who has devoted much of his public life to an eloquent defense of wilderness, here presents the remaining wild lands of Texas, from the Big Thicket to the Big Bend, in the first volume of McGraw-Hill's "American Wilderness Series" (of which Douglas is General Editor). Part naturalist, part historian, part reporter, part Jeremiah for the agonies of progress, Douglas has rendered the vanishing wilderness of Texas with a deep sense of personal conviction and loss; his love of wilderness and the sense of space and continuity it provides are powerfully conveyed, more than enough to temper his biblical anger at "modern Ahabs," who think of a tree in terms of board-feet and land in terms of quarter-acre lots. That balance is one of the chief virtues of what Douglas describes as a "melancholy book," an elegy for a country once wild and uncluttered with the trappings of civilization.

Health-Seekers in the Southwest, 1817–1900 by Billy M. Jones (*University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95*)

That a veritable army of debilitated citizens wandered into the salubrious West in the nineteenth century in search of radiant health is hardly an unknown fact; what may be startling, however, is the author's contention in *Health-Seekers in the Southwest* that this motivation was in fact a major impetus to the population surge westward out of the fever-ridden Mississippi Valley: "The attractiveness of the 'Promised Land' beyond the Mississippi Valley was determined not only by fresh soils but by their freedom from the fevers of the Valley as well; the quest for healthy locations and for health itself became important factors in determining population movements."

In this trenchant and superbly documented study, Professor Jones outlines the results of that sickly emigration into the southwestern pocket of America, where everything from informal tent camps to institutionalized sanitariums and splendiferous resorts abounded. For a period of thirty years or more, until doctors finally decided that climate was not necessarily the only available cure for such prevalent ailments as consumption, brain fever, and vapors, the health business in the West was one of the biggest bonanzas in the region's history; that it has not died out to this day can be determined by a quick glance at the yellow pages of a Los Angeles telephone book.

Rocky Mountain Mining Camps: The Urban Frontier by Duane A. Smith (*Indiana University Press, $6.95*)

The western mining camp, popularly and truthfully envisioned as an enclave of vigorous sin and barely controlled anarchy, was also the first spearhead of civilization into the trans-Mississippi West. As such, it deserves broader study than it has so far been given, for beyond all the anarchy, all the impermanence and extemporaneous growth of the average mining camp, lay the genesis of the western city, the cultural, financial, and political force that shaped and influenced the development of the whole West.

After the stupendous phenomenon of a former mining camp called San Francisco, the most dramatic manifestation of the growing urban frontier took place within the jumbled confines of the Rocky Mountains. In *Rocky Mountain Mining Camps*, Duane A. Smith has outlined the entire evolutionary process involved in the transformation of ragged camps to such brick, board, and tar-paper metropolises as Denver, Leadville, Virginia City (Montana), and Helena. It is the story of problem-solving: the achievement of viable transportation links, the control of lawlessness, the establishment of political stability and economic solidity—the whole involved procedure of bringing order out of chaos. It is the story of failure, waste, and corruption, and of that peculiar single-minded energy that the West often raised to the level of genius. But most of all, it is the story of an urban legacy that was instrumental in the formation of the Rocky Mountain West that was—and is.

Western Necrology

AUGUST, 1888

August 29: Cloud burst near Pikes Peak, Colo., drowns 5 cowboys.

BEN K. GREEN

(Continued from page 9)

unexpected places, incorporated the tales that wagged *Horse Conformation* with some additional pieces from Green's piquant pen, and published them in a tastefully designed edition, illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund, under the title *Horse Tradin'*—thus placing them within range of scattered horse addicts who might otherwise have passed to their graves eternally deprived of a knowledge of their existence.

There is no way to do justice to Green's book except to read it. Anyone who has not yet enjoyed the experience is to be envied, much as the man leaving Diamond Lil's lively embrace envies the man still standing in line. Green is a natural story teller, the type of writer who never needs to learn the rules because he is more than capable of making his own. His picaresque personality permeates every page—in form, construction, narrative technique, insight, manner, intrusions, and asides. In other words, Green has *style*. The reader is constantly compelled to repress an urge to gurgle with glee on each encounter with one of Green's refreshing pre-Great Society prejudices that remind us that there was a time when at least a small segment of the world was sane. Green's wit is crisp and unabashed. His yarns acknowledge the eternal struggle between god and the devil without displaying the vulgarity of taking sides. His ironic humor is of the type that prompted a peppery cowhand friend of mine to remark, after a Tonopah barroom brawl that brought the colored janitor out of his closet with a mop and bucket for swabbing up some epidermal blood, "By grab, when you can call a nigger a nigger again, the sonovabitch will be free."

Like *Reynard the Fox,* Green's *Horse Tradin'* is a morally uplifting book. The reader gradually expands in the grip of the beatific vision that all men are scoundrels with the taint of larceny on their souls and the revelation that the world should thank its sinners and not its saints for saying it from dullness. Gratitude can also be extended to the throng of horses and mules whose roguish personalities enliven the pages of the book and convey all sorts of illuminating philosophical and psychological messages. There is Sleeping Beauty, a product of gypsy cunning who has been conditioned to collapse immediately after the purchase price has been forked out so that the gulled buyer is more than happy to sell her back for a fraction of what he paid. There is Rebel Commander, who demonstrates that a flawless performance can fool all of the people all of the time. There is the barn-hugger Easter Lily, who reminds me of my Reed students who are so incapable of survival off the college campus that they become professors. There are moochers, stump-suckers, rope-snappers, junkies, and simple fakes—counterparts for every variety of human shenanigan. And when man and beast enter into a joint conspiracy to defraud a victim, the reader's horizons are immediately enlarged.

Only at one point in his narrative did my respect for Green falter. He sold one of his best and most faithful animals, Ol' Nothing', to the Indians! Now an Indian's reputation for munificent and benevolent treatment of his horses has never, to my knowledge, served as a sub-

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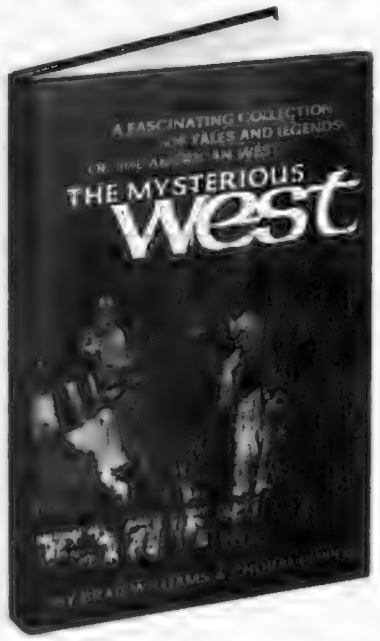

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ject to inspire lyrical poets. For a single instant I felt a twinge on my heart, and I thought Green had carried his cynical, unsentimental detachment a shade too far. But he comes through. Not only does he anticipate my unsavory reaction, he has a most convincing justification for his conduct. The concluding story in the collection, in which Green commits his heinous sin, evolves from the countermeasures he employs to thwart the efforts of an ambitious schoolmarm to put a halter on him. The final sentence in *Horse Tradin'* reads: "I regretted that I lost Ol' Nothing', but he wasn't as bad off with the Indians as I would have been in that double harness!"

It is gratifying to learn that Ben K. Green has remained a bachelor. The man and his work stand together as a monumental tribute to the noblest of American Dreams—Freedom!

Owen Ulph is a contributing editor of The American West *and Professor of Humanities at Reed College, Portland, Oregon.*

BOOKS FOR YOUNG WESTERNERS

(Continued from page 11)

the Shrew tunneled to a nearby clump of willows and made her way up through the stems for a whiff of the outer world. With quivering nose she tested the air. Snow flakes fell on her dark coat. White sky and white Beaver flat fused before her blinking eyes. With reckless abandon she circled the willows, a thimbleful of life swimming in a sea of snow. Then dove down to warmth and safety again, leaving a wavery line of tracks behind her." Once again the nonfiction story carries a dramatic impact missing from juvenile fiction. The real-life struggle for survival in a Colorado mountain valley is so closely examined, so free from pretty sentiment, that the young reader (junior high and up) feels intimately the endless battle of the intense shrew for life.

A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER from Thomas Jefferson to a friend, written in 1803, contained a passage quoted in the recent "American Heritage Junior Library" book **To the Pacific with Lewis and Clark** (*American Heritage, $4.95*):

> Capt. Lewis is brave, prudent, habituated to the woods, & familiar with Indian manners & character. He is not regularly educated but he possesses a great mass of accurate observation on all the subjects of nature which present themselves here, & therefore readily selects those only in his new route which shall be new.

Jefferson picked his men carefully and delighted in the semi-clandestine nature of the journey to the Pacific, inventing a cipher for any needed secret communications. It was important that both Lewis and Clark were soldiers, because they and the other men of the exploration expedition to follow the Missouri River to "its course and communication with the waters of the Pacific ocean . . ." had to be hardened and disciplined to face very real dangers and hardships. Discipline was involved, too, in keeping careful records of the territory, which they observed, described, and sketched in small notebooks that were then sealed in tin boxes along with natural history specimens and Indian artifacts.

Lewis felt the importance of his great adventure, as he wrote on his thirty-first birthday:

> I had in all human probability now existed about half the period which I am to remain in this world . . . that I had as yet done but little, very little, indeed to further the happiness or to advance the information of the succeeding generation . . . and resolved in the future to live *for mankind*, as I have heretofore lived *for myself*.

Here certainly is a first-rate adventure story, described in careful detail and illustrated with the maps, diaries, and sketches of the Lewis and Clark expedition. It is a beautiful book, written in an easy manner; the author Ralph K. Andrist and the consultant Edwin R. Bingham are to be congratulated. There is, however, a curious lapse of taste in the use of garish photographs of the "scenic sights" of the Lewis and Clark trail as it appears today. This is all the more curious as these pictures are in direct contrast to the most elegant contemporary sketches, portraits, and charming maps.

The "American Heritage Junior Library" series presents about the best gift books available for young history-minded westerners. While they have used the term "Junior Library," there is nothing "junior" in the continued fine quality of the pictures and narratives. In looking back over several years, the

quality of color reproduction seems to be improving, and the imagination and skill with which these books are put together increases. Of particular interest are: *Indians of the Plains, Trappers and Mountain Men, Westward on the Oregon Trail, The California Gold Rush, Texas and the War with Mexico, Clipper Ships and Captains, Railroads in the Days of Steam,* and *Adventures in the Wilderness.* All are still in print at a price of $4.95.

Nancy Olmsted is the mother of a literate five-year-old.

PACIFICATION AND TOTAL WAR

(Continued from page 13)

Considering all the difficulties—an unrealistic administrative structure (there was not even a general staff), congressional opposition, lack of appropriate training, dissatisfaction among officers and enlisted men—it is easy to understand why the frontier was not pacified by 1865. The concept of "total war," as Mr. Utley writes about it in his closing pages, is a concept that most armies try to avoid. It gained acceptance only after it had been applied by the Union during the Civil War. Considering the weaknesses of the pre-war military establishment, any attempt to implement total war at that time would have been ludicrous. It is to the army's credit that it practiced restraint. As Mr. Utley writes: "The wonder is not that they [the troops] so often failed to meet the test [in the West] but rather, considering what they were and what they had to work with, that they scored as many successes as they did."

Frontiersmen in Blue is a gem. The detailed account of the Indian campaigns is both exhaustive and judicious. And the treatment of the United States Army in the period between the Mexican and Civil wars makes these pages indispensable to any student of the military establishment on the eve of the Civil War.

John Tricamo, assistant professor of history at San Francisco State College, is co-authoring a study of United States military history for Rand McNally and Company.

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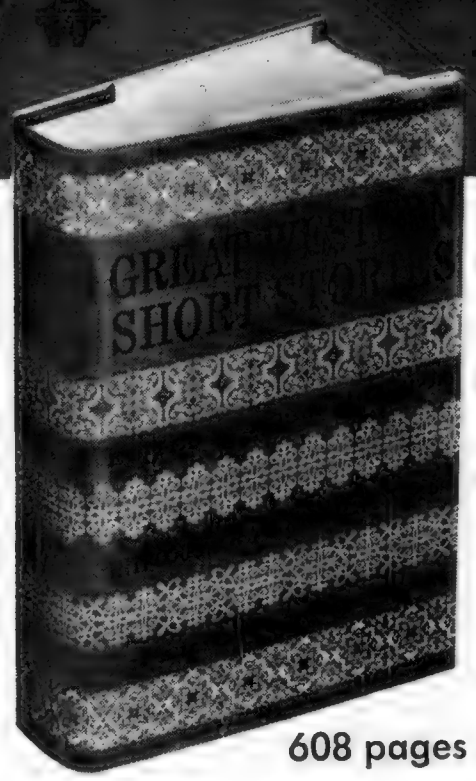

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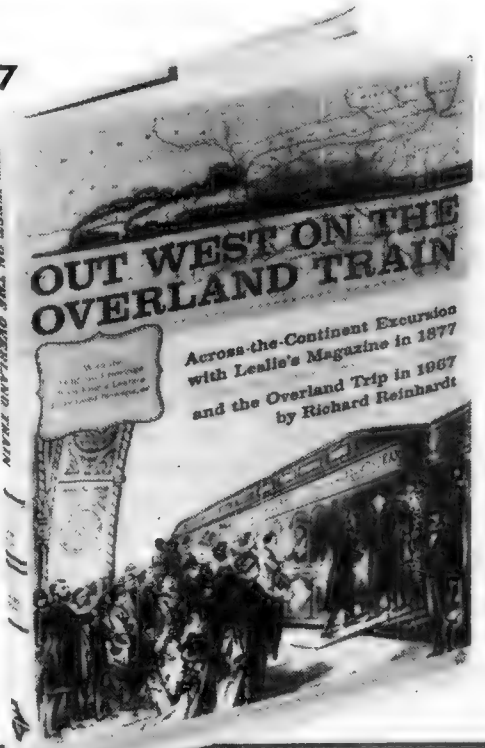

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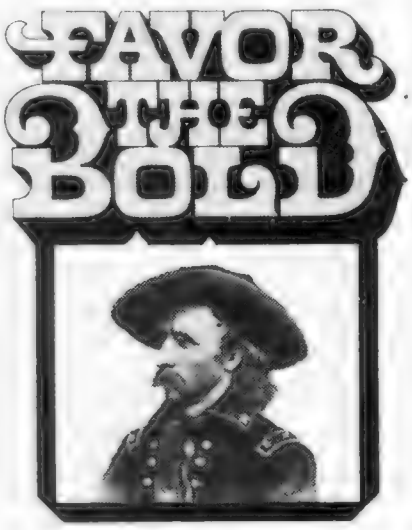

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LOOKING WESTWARD

BY JOSEPH E. ILLICK

THOUGH NEVER THE OWNER OF A WEAPON more lethal than an air gun, I had many friends who possessed or had easy access to shotguns or .22's. My brother and I were once held captive at rifle point for an hour by two boys who lived down the road. One of my ninth-grade classmates was wounded in the chest by a playmate (and he proudly wore the punctured shirt to school); another accidentally killed a friend when the two were out hunting with their fathers. Undoubtedly most of us could relate such incidents as these from our own lives; after all, there are seventeen thousand Americans *fatally* shot each year—or one per day per state. Among the many people who recognized the possibility of limiting this slaughter was John F. Kennedy, who in 1958 tried unsuccessfully to introduce legislation into the Senate that might have saved his life five years later. Yet even that tragic assassination produced no law to restrict the traffic in firearms.

Most countries in the western world require a special permit for the purchase of guns; this is also true of Japan, where ownership of hand-guns is prohibited and of rifles is tightly controlled. (Correspondingly, the homicide rates in these countries are low.) The dearth of such restrictions in the United States must surely be related to national character, which encourages such organizations as the National Shooting Sports Foundation to advertise: "Carry your firearm proudly. It is part of your great American heritage—a symbol of freedom." (Apparently these ads are now being taken seriously down in the ghettoes.) In his provocative book, *The Americans: The Colonial Experience*, Daniel Boorstin argues that near-universal gun ownership, as early as the seventeenth century, was part of the democratic New World experience. In Europe, there were professional armies waging wars understood only by heads of state, who used military means to gain control of remote pieces of real estate. But in frontier America there was danger near at hand and well comprehended.

The word "frontier" is most relevant in relating the propensity for gun ownership to national character. This includes not only the American West but also the American South—which, if we accept W. J. Cash's persuasive argument in *The Mind of the South*, is not far removed from the frontier stage. (It is not surprising to find that relatively twice as many murders are committed in Dallas or Atlanta as in New York.)

THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY RATIONALE for an ever-ready rifle was the danger of Indian attack, and the complexion of this reasoning has not changed entirely. In 1965 a Fern Park, Florida, gun shop offered a twelve-gauge shotgun as a "Nigger Getter," with a money-back guarantee for successful accomplishment. It is an ironic commentary on national attitudes that the threat of armed revolt within our cities—the shot-at becoming the shooters—has revived the legislative movement to regulate the sale of guns.

That this most recent effort will probably fail is the conclusion to be drawn from the precedents chronicled by Carl Bakal in **The Right to Bear Arms** (McGraw-Hill, $6.95).

Recreationally, shooting ranks behind only boating, fishing, and photography; an estimated twenty million Americans use guns—most of them, presumably, able to vote. But more than this simple pleasure principle is involved in the predilection for firearms, at least if one accepts the Freudian interpretation that suggests that the prohibition of gun ownership would be virtual castration. It is not, however, gun-toting constituents who make the introduction of regulatory legislation quixotic (according to a 1959 Gallup Poll, gun owners favor a law calling for a police permit to buy a gun by a ratio of two to one). Rather, it is an extraordinarily powerful political lobby, spearheaded by the National Rifle Association, which opposes all efforts at control and preaches the inalienable right to bear arms. The success of the NRA

and its affiliates is testified to by the fact that there are but two federal laws concerning guns: the National Firearms Act of 1934, outlawing the sale of machine guns and other automatic weapons, and the Federal Firearms Act of 1938, prohibiting interstate shipment of all firearms to or by criminals and licensing interstate manufacturers and dealers. The laws not only fail to deal with the real problems but also make it virtually impossible for the states and cities to take the initiative effectively. (Actually, fewer than ten states have any significant restrictions on buying guns; New York's Sullivan Law of 1911, requiring a permit for the purchase of a concealable firearm, is the toughest law in the country.)

It is easy to poke holes in the arguments of firearms defenders, and some of their statements are so irrelevant as to merit no rejoinder: "Boys and guns are compatible, and no amount of legislation can make them incompatible." If that sounds like a postulate in the theorem "you can't legislate morality," it may be because right-wingers are significant in the ranks of the NRA and its supporters (e.g., the editor-publisher of *Guns & Ammo*, a magazine with a circulation of 170,000, was formerly a member of the John Birch Society; one of the "legislative engineers" of the NRA had Birch literature on his desk when visited by Bakal). Needless to say, these people view attempts to control guns as part of a liberal or leftist movement.

Right-wing support does not account for the effectiveness of the NRA lobby so much as two facts: its arguments, even if patently silly in the middle of the twentieth century, appeal to an American mystique; and its methods, even if plying and pressuring legislators seems high-handed, are in harmony with the day-to-day operation of our political system. Regarding the mystique, the very founding of the NRA in 1871 was related to the idea of the citizen-soldier. Marksmanship was so terrible in the Civil War that it was thought necessary to promote range shooting through a formal organization. The soldiers in the Spanish-American War showed little improvement over their Blue and Gray predecessors, so NRA efforts were intensified. But it was not until after World War II that membership climbed into the hundreds of thousands—that is, after the Bomb, not to mention other technological innovations, brought into question the relevance of the rifle as a major weapon for national security. Today, with seven hundred thousand members, plus another four hundred thousand in affiliated gun clubs, the NRA maintains a staff of two hundred fifty in Washington. Its budget allocation for lobbying matches that of the American Medical Association, yet it enjoys tax-exempt status because—as an educational organization (the NRA is a strong proponent of safety education and a strong opponent of effective safety laws)—it need not register as a lobby. Indeed, as Bakal points out, "the NRA is probably the only private pressure group to receive public bounty—one amounting to millions of dollars a year—to say nothing of considerable aid from industry."

AN EDITORIAL COMMENT

The six shooter must go in the new reform which is echoed across the land. It has become the terror of civilization and is considered somewhat respectable as a companion among even the most intelligent members of society; an exchange puts the whole question in a few words by whatever seductive name known, for the pistol proper is made for but one purpose and that is to take human life. They have no other value. Huntsmen have no use for them. Their mission is human destruction. The man who puts one in his pocket contemplates a possible difficulty and a homicide. He carries a weapon in ambush for the purpose of taking life if the occasion should require it. It is the instrument of nine tenths of the slaughters that startle society, and in nearly every land and country it is busy night and day in its bloody work. Let a man turn his hip pocket into an arsenal and wind himself up with whiskey and he is an infernal machine. No weapon is so dangerous in the hands of a drunken man as the pistol. The pistol creates the bully and the bully is the shame of our modern civilization.

From the *Arizona Daily Star*, April 29, 1884.

THERE IS NO QUESTION OF THE NRA'S SUCCESS in blocking legislation that would restrict the sale of firearms. For example, in 1957, when the Internal Revenue Service proposed a better means of implementing the 1938 Federal Firearms Act—at most, a minor threat to the traffic in guns—the NRA called forth a flood of letters to legislators and pushed forward scores of witnesses and friendly congressmen, who talked of "these good, honest, Christian, clean, upright citizens in the gun shooting fraternity," warned of the Communist menace in restrictive legislation, and even threatened the Internal Revenue Service. Not surprisingly, the regulations that emerged in 1957 contained no provisions that the NRA had opposed. The efforts of Senator Thomas Dodd, certainly not a left-leaner, to control the sale of mail-order firearms have been consistently opposed by the NRA, both before and after the Kennedy assassination. (The NRA never was so outspoken as one citizen of Arizona, who testified during hearings that "the Dodd bill represents a further attempt by a subversive power to make us part of one world socialistic government.")

In early 1966 the NRA was offering free training in marksmanship to the families and staffs of congressmen, a rather blatant attempt at influence. But then, Senator Dodd has not been the model of propriety either. The NRA works well within the system.

And it speaks to the Minuteman mystique.

Bakal notes that:

> The firearms lobby often complains that crime in this country receives an exaggerated amount of press attention, far beyond its actual seriousness. Paradoxically, at other times, it paints a picture perpetuating the myth of the nation today as a twentieth-century Tombstone. From this it follows that every citizen should be a law unto himself, with a gun at the ready available for instant use.

If more formal justification for its position is needed, the NRA points to the Second Amendment: "A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to bear arms shall not be infringed." Most court decisions and legal scholars concur that this statement refers to the people's right to bear arms collectively. In any case, the Amendment does not rule out regulation of firearms. Yet the NRA disregards these esoteric qualifications, arguing for the demo-

cratic dissemination of guns to all concerned citizens.

But some facts are inescapable. Guns in the hands of irresponsible people, criminal or not, are responsible for mass murder. In the hands of hunters, firearms are robbing us of our wildlife; Bakal has no difficulty demonstrating the inconsistencies in the argument that hunters are simply killing off the surplus. (Ironically enough, the NRA has some conservationist adherents who see the payment of license fees as the major means of support for wildlife preserves.) In alerting us to the proportions of the destruction caused by guns, *The Right to Bear Arms* must be ranked among the best products of the recent trend toward crusading journalism, among such books as Ralph Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed* and Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*.

Joseph E. Illick, of the History Department of San Francisco State College, is Book Editor of The American West Review.

A PRIVATE VISION

(Continued from page 10)

bad happened. . . ."

The Crow joined the white troops against the Sioux Indians. Two Leggings says of this, "We helped the white man so we could own our own land in peace. Our blood is mixed in the ground with the blood of white soldiers. We did not know they were going to take our land. That is what they gave us for our friendship."

By 1888 it was all over. Two Leggings describes his last raid: ". . . we drove the captured horses through the tepees and I carried my scalp pieces tied to the end of a long pole . . . men brought out their drums, and the women began the scalp dance. I led the singing, 'Across the river/in those rough hills/there is a scalp.' "

Theodora Kroeber, of the Department of Anthropology at the University of California, Berkeley, is the author of Ishii in Two Worlds, *the classic study of a California Indian.*

IDYLL TO EMPIRE

(Continued from page 14)

got to the White House in 1829, Polk had served two terms in the House of Representatives. Old Hickory was now fighting the monster United States Bank, and Polk became his floor leader in this famous war against Biddle. After being beaten once for the speakership by a fellow Tennessean, John Bell, Polk won it on the second try, with Jackson's backing. The Hero of New Orleans had been having hard going in Tennessee, his own state (indeed he had lost it when he was reelected President in 1832), but the Jacksonians managed to hold it for a time, electing Polk to the governorship in 1839.

Polk had now proved himself highly successful on both the local and national scene, and had every justification for hoping that he might be nominated for the Vice-Presidency. He began to work for the place on the 1840 ticket. In this he failed, and subsequently two defeats for governor in 1841 and 1843 seemed to end his political career. Tennessee appeared to have gone permanently Whig.

But it was at this point (where the second volume of this biography begins) that Polk's real nature asserted itself, and he summoned once again the same determination that had enabled him to overcome his earlier handicaps. He would not give up, despite the fact that the Democratic Party was in confusion. Jackson proposed again giving the nomination for the Presidency to Van Buren, who had been defeated in 1840, but the plan was not developing as it should. There were younger men of ambition who were tired of the old order. There were forces in the West demanding a place in the sun. Tyler and Calhoun were trying to take over; Henry Clay was looming again on the horizon. And then there was Texas, which might fall into the lap of England if the United States did not step in. The Democrats needed a new leader, one who would resolve the confusion. Whether Polk grasped the situation fully is uncertain, but he refused to withdraw or to abandon Van Buren; he drew closer to Jackson and kept an effective group of his Tennessee associates mobilized with instructions to push him for the Vice-Presidency and under no circumstances withdraw his name. Everything worked; Jackson, his Nashville Junto, and cir-

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Date of Filing: November 28, 1967.
2. Title of Publication: THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW.
3. Frequency of Issue: Quarterly.
4. Location of known office of publication: 577 College Ave., Palo Alto, Santa Clara County, California.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 577 College Ave., Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher, George Pfeiffer III, 577 College Ave., Palo Alto, Calif. 94306; Editor, Roger R. Olmsted, 2175 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif. 94704; Managing Editor, Thomas H. Watkins, 2175 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.
7. Owner: American West Publishing Company, 577 College Ave., Palo Alto, Calif. 94306. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock of American West Publishing Company: George Pfeiffer III, 26970 Orchard Hill Lane, Los Altos Hills, Calif.; A. Russell Mortensen, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah; Keith Eddington, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah; C. Gregory Crampton, University of Utah; Salt Lake City, Utah; Western History Association, c/o John Porter Bloom, P.O. Box 6187, Washington, D.C. 20004; Michael Harrison, 7440 Alexander Court, Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628; Bert Fireman, Arizona Historical Foundation, 3800 North Central, Phoenix, Ariz. 85012; David E. Miller, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.
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	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	*Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date*
A. Total No. Copies Printed (net press run)	40,300	39,191
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	141	208
2. Mail Subscriptions	38,495	37,029
C. Total Paid Circulation	38,636	37,237
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by Mail, Carrier or Other Means	565	620
E. Total Distribution (sum of C and D)	39,201	37,857
F. Office Use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	1,099	1,334
G. Total (sum of E and F—should equal net press run shown in A)	40,300	39,191

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Alan Henderson
Business Manager

cumstances in general secured him an even greater prize; the Presidency—won in large part because of the political demoralization of territorial ambition, sectional rivalry for power, the immorality of slavery, and the vigor and power of the West.

Once elected President, Polk planned the administration of the government that he would dominate. He would take the Republican virtue of Old Mecklenburg, protect it from the financial stock jobbers, and then enlarge its bounds. With continental vision he would secure Oregon, California, and even more of Mexico, and would defend the continent against Great Britain and France. Banks, protection, internal improvements, Mexico, England, and France were all to be kept at bay. He would make the White House the center of government and the President would rule, even if two wars had to be fought simultaneously.

Polk succeeded. He got his program of domestic legislation through Congress, and he realized much of his territorial ambition at the expense of only one war, the "easy" one with Mexico. It was an amazing performance; the intense energy and iron will of this stubborn little man could not be withstood. Ingenious, even disingenuous to the point of near mendacity, he would not give up. He could not be gainsaid. He would take on any antagonist. He ran the nation from his office.

Out of the determination of this statesman dedicated to the projection and the protection of rural virtue and felicity came the acquisition of a great empire that would be a staging area for all the complex enterprises of Hamilton's descendants—enterprises destined to confound so many of the ideals of Jefferson and to destroy the purity and simplicity of Old Mecklenburg. The vast extent and power of the Great West owed much to this little man of great force and limited understanding.

His understanding of the future was indeed limited—so limited that he did not comprehend the gathering force of the nineteenth century, the power of the mechanized industrial age, and the need to cope with the emotional dynamite of slavery. These forces could not be handled within the framework of the simple pastoral virtue of Old Mecklenburg. His failure to grasp this tragic situation is left for the third volume.

At the end of the second volume of this notable trilogy, we find Polk beset by family tension, religious conflict, and failing health, yet fighting with unbelievable political success forces of the nineteenth century that he did not really understand. Had he understood what he faced, he might have mobilized his formidable strength not merely to save the past but to face the future. Had he realized the impossibility of projecting Mecklenburg, he might have done more to save the Union from the almost complete destruction in which his great success played so large a part.

This brings the story down to August, 1846, within two years of Polk's death. We look forward to the final volume, which will bring together this curious union of victory and disaster, of success and failure. In it Sellers has a unique chance to reach a new peak in biographical analysis.

Roy F. Nichols, of the University of Pennsylvania, is past president of the Western History Association and author of The Disruption of American Democracy *(1948), winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1949.*

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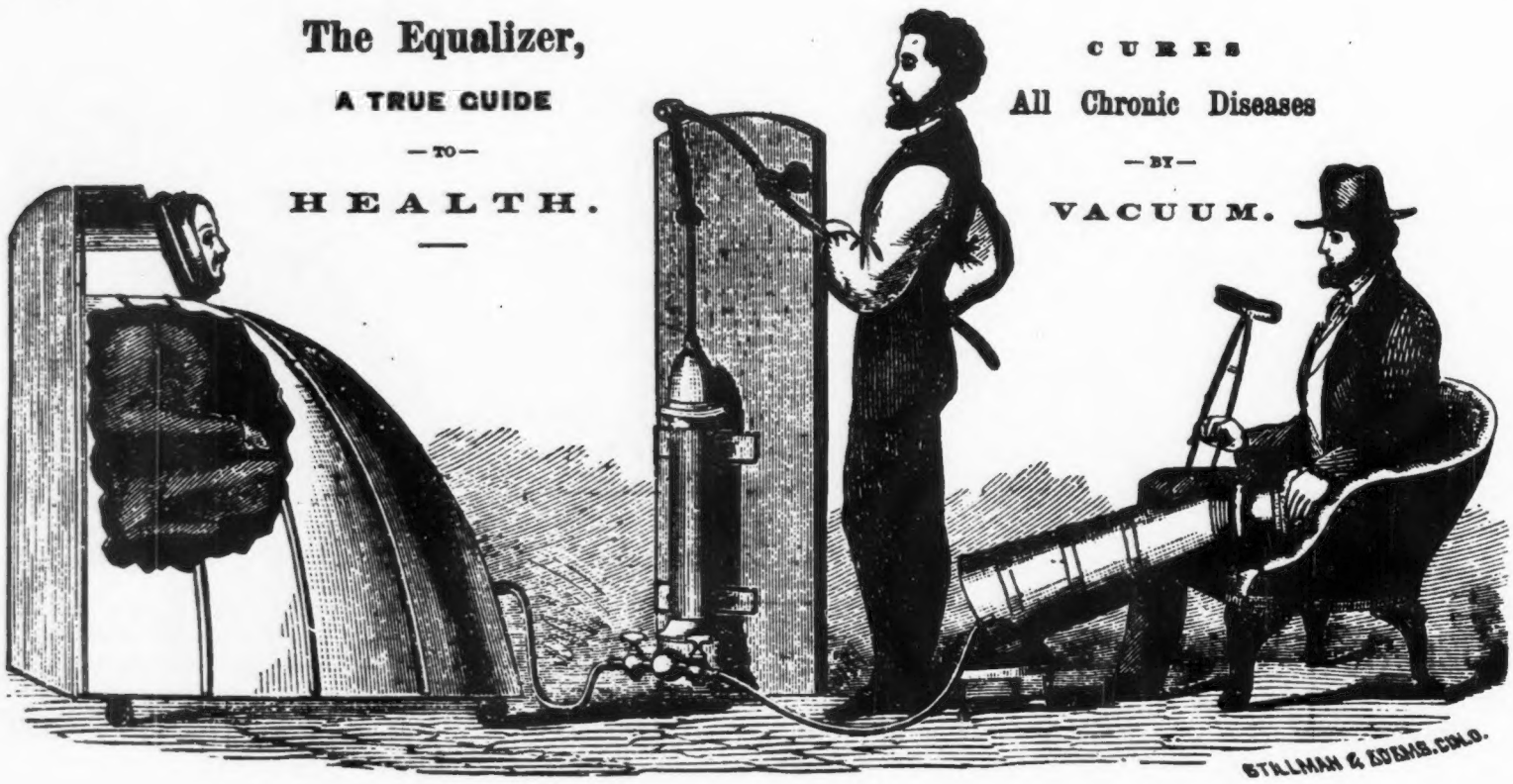


IF YOU SUFFER, IT SERVES YOU RIGHT

By T. H. Watkins

It is not surprising to learn that if the ingenuity of the American mechanic was expected to float barges up to Lake Erie, lay rails across the continent, or build the Brooklyn Bridge, it was taken for granted that it could with equal facility cure sundry human disorders. Indeed, contrivances that married Goldbergian intricacy with half-understood and quite often cheerfully distorted theories of science found a prime market among America's late nineteenth century hypochondriacs, whose forefathers had for generations supported the manufacture of an uncanny array of pills, liquids, and sticky salves, not to mention hydrotherapeutic pumps peddled on the contention that internal cleanliness was next to godliness.

The vigorous West was in no way immune to the Lorelei of mechanized medicine. Even the briefest survey of western newspapers leads one to the conclusion that, if anything, the West considered itself even sicker than the East. And, if advertisements can be taken as reliable reflections of popular concern, the average resident of Marlboro Country displayed an uncommon interest in the state of what might be called his "male vigor." If, as A. B. Guthrie implied in *The Blue-Hen's Chick*, western barroom talk was more often scatological than salacious, we may assume that while the hairy-chested westerner might not have talked about sex much, he certainly worried about it enough.

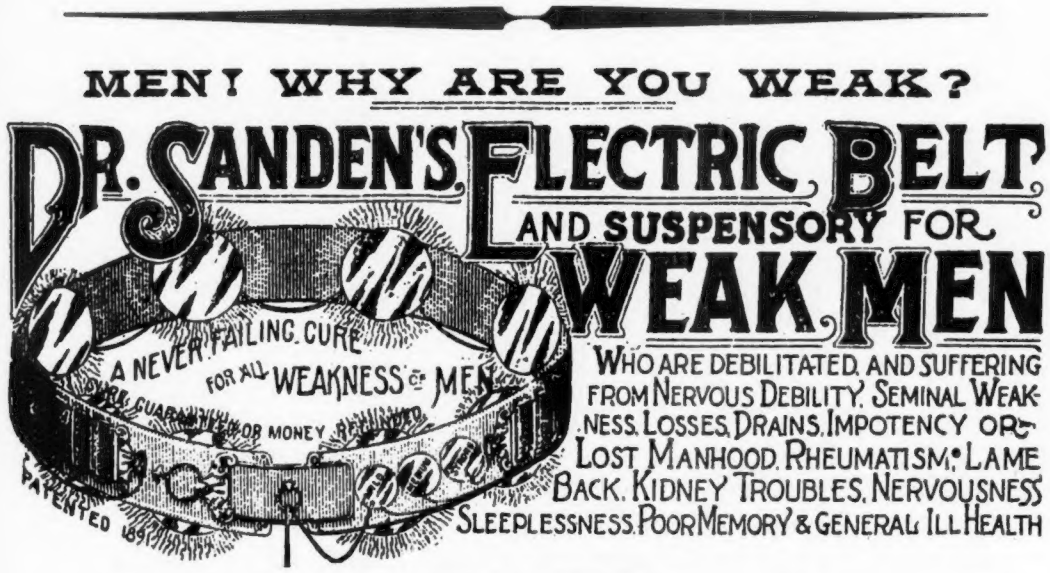
On both counts, we offer in evidence the newspaper advertisements shown here. Consider, for example, Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt and Suspensory for Weak Men, advertised in the Brighton, Colorado, *Register*—and all over the West. Picture, if you will, the sturdy frontier marshal coming home after a hard day's work of bouncing drunks, supervising faro games, and collecting tithes from the local prostitutes. Removing his gunbelt and other outer garments, he straps on his electric belt, and with a gasp of relief settles back on his horsehair sofa, the pulsating currents draining away his tiredness, restoring his vigor, and soothing that persistent ache in his hip that has come from too many years of leaning against doorjambs in the fashion of proper western lawmen.

If, after the prescribed two or three months of home treatment, our marshal noted no improvement in his general condition, he could always haul himself to Denver. There the New York and London Electric Association operated an "Actina Clinic" on Sixteenth Street—offering both the hand-operated "Actina

Pocket Battery" and an electro-magnetic suit of armor called "Magneto-Conservative Garments." Either or both of these, an advertisement in the *Denver Bee* proclaimed, could bring everlasting relief from eye, ear, nose, and throat diseases, as well as nervous prostration, kidney ailments, paralysis, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, locomotor ataxia (*all* such devices promised to cure locomotor ataxia), consumption, loss of memory, stiff joints, giddiness, and varicose veins. "If you suffer from disease," the advertisement chided, "you or your doctor are to blame. Call at our office and receive treatment free of charge. After such an offer, *if you suffer it serves you right.*"

Physician, who graduated in a New York Institute." Windsor also provided a "breast glass," which antedated San Francisco's topless revolution and the Age of Silicone by nearly a hundred years. The breast glass was not intended, the advertisement noted in an unconvincing disclaimer, as "simply an elevator of the breast for ornamental purposes, though it is true it will increase the size to any extent desired; this is the least of the advantages derived from its use." Suspiciously, one notes that the only other advantage listed is a vague reference to healthy nursing.

Returning to our marshal, whose interest in breast glasses could only have been academic anyway, it could be that years of steely-eyed squinting had impaired his vision. If so, he could always send for Dr. Stevens & Company's renowned Eye-Sight Restorer, another device that utilized the properties of a vacuum. Simply by placing the cup over the offending eye and squeezing the bulb, a person could cure any number of pernicious defects, including myopia. Dr. Stevens also had "Cornea-Flatteners" in stock. This particular device was not illustrated, but one may guess that it consisted of a tiny silver mallet used to hammer misshapen corneas back to their normal configurations, possibly after they had been ruptured by a diligent application of the Eye-Sight Restorer.



Should the marshal have been driven by pain and discomfort to seek relief in the progressive metropolis of San Francisco, he might have found it at Phineas Windsor's Equalizing Institute. Doctor Windsor effected his cures through the simple application of nature's abhorrence: the vacuum. By means of a stunning variety of contrivances in which anything from a finger to an entire *corpus* could be encased, he promised to pump the disease right out of a man, straighten his spine, and break up the congestion in any part of his system. The ladies were not ignored, according to an advertisement in the *Mining and Scientific Press*, for they were offered the services of a "competent Female

Over the years, the great West somehow gained the reputation of being one of the healthiest areas on the face of the earth. The number of consumptive types who wandered across the wide Missouri in the nineteenth century and found radiant good health would strike joy into the collective heart of any local Chamber of Commerce—and one of the classic tales in the repertoire of the prevaricatory mountain man concerned the individual who had been proclaimed a walking dead man in the East, but who came West and lingered on for so long that he ended up shopping around for someone to kill him. Perhaps the West was healthy, perhaps not. One assumption seems reasonable, however: if the denizens of the West *were* healthy, it was in spite of the way they doctored themselves, not because of it.

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

(Continued from page 3)

International Exposition. When the lights went on the night before the opening of the fair, the aging poet Edwin Markham is reported to have said, "I have seen tonight the greatest revelation of beauty that was ever seen on this earth. I say this meaning it literally."

A great many books were published about the 1915 fair during its brief season of glory, but not until now (more than fifty years after) have we had a book that puts this western climax of an age of innocence into a decent perspective. In *San Francisco's Enchanted Palace* (Howell-North, $7.50), Ruth Newhall sketches a lively picture-story that naturally and properly focuses on Bernard Maybeck's wonderful Palace of Fine Arts.

Maybeck's immense Palace was in a way a triumph of "utilitarian" architecture — in the highest sense of the term. A confection of light steel and stucco, it was intended to produce a dramatic effect of majesty and melancholy; it was intended as the emotional hinge of the exposition grounds; it was intended to house, in a psychologically appropriate atmosphere, the fine arts exhibits of the fair.

Maybeck's conception met all of the requirements with such astonishing success that after the fair was over, after the Tower of Jewels was demolished, long after the Court of the Universe had been covered by dull apartment buildings, the Palace of Fine Arts still stood in its beautiful and melancholy setting. Nobody had the heart to destroy it. Maybeck himself had hoped

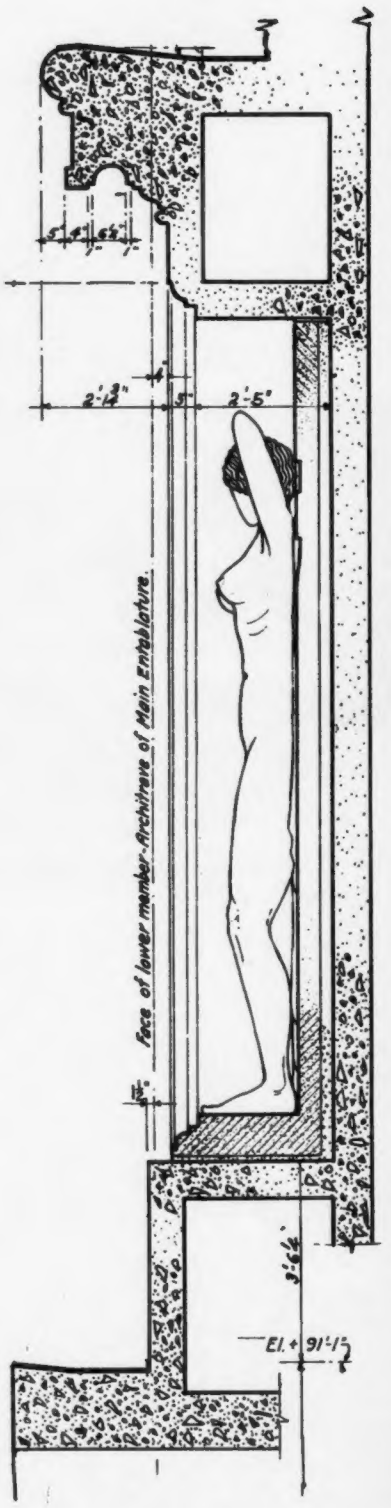
that in the mild San Francisco climate its "staff" sheathing, cornices, and figures might last indefinitely. But by the 1940's and early 1950's, chunks were falling from the Palace as leaves from autumn elms.

Plans to "Save the Palace" seemed to come hard up against the fact that there was very little substantial structure to restore, and certainly no obvious "use" that might justify complete reconstruction. This being the case — and being San Francisco — it came about that the City, the State of California, and Walter Johnson have spent $7.4 million recasting Maybeck's masterpiece in eternal concrete. The colonnade and the 160-foot-high rotunda are again complete; a few millions more should one day restore the Palace to its pristine glory.

This kind of nostalgia is expensive; but most San Franciscans agree that it is more fun to look at the Palace of Fine Arts than at a length of double-decked freeway.

— R.O.

An imposing epitaph for an obscure Roman soldier was repeated (not quite correctly) on 32 identical urns around the dome.



The grand proportions of this classic maiden were an impressive 84-62-88; she stood 12 feet tall.